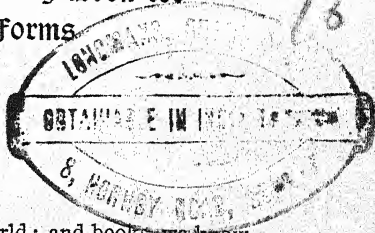


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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE aims of this collection of poems and prose passages from English literature are to arouse interest, romantic, historical, literary, and to afford an introduction to some of those great books which the pupil is able at this stage to appreciate. As in the Junior Book of this series, the compiler has tried to make the readings as suggestive as possible for the teacher of literature and general history.

CHAUCER

" . . . the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below."

" Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth,
With sounds that echo still."

A. Tennyson.

MILTON

" Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

W. Wordsworth.

SHAKESPEARE

" And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scanned, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguessed at. Better so !
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow."

M. Arnold.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE STORY OF CÆDMON.

*From the "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation,"
by the Venerable Bede (673-735).*

THERE was in the monastery of the abbess (Hilda of Whitby) a certain brother specially endowed and honoured with the grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses; and whatever was interpreted to him out of Scripture he soon afterwards put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and humility in English, which was his native language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven.

Others in the English nation attempted, after him, to compose religious poems; but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God; for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those which related to religion suited his religious tongue.

Having lived in a secular habit till he was well advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying; for which reason, being sometimes at entertainments when it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turns, seeing the instrument come towards him, he rose up from table and went to his house.

Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, he went to the cattle-sheds where he had to take care of the cattle that night. He there composed himself to rest at the proper time, when a certain one appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said; "Cædmon, sing me something." He answered, "I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the feast and retired to this place, because I could not sing." The other who talked to him replied: "However, you shall sing for me." "What shall I sing?" asked he. "Sing the beginning of created things," said the other. Hereupon Cædmon presently began to sing verses to the praise of God which he had never heard. The purport thereof was this:

Now ought we to praise
The Guardian of the heavenly
kingdom,
The might of the Maker
And the purpose of His mind,
The work of the Father of
Glory,
How He of all wondrous things,
The Everlasting Lord,
Created the beginning.

He first created
For the sons of earth
The heaven as a roof,
The Holy Creator.
Then the earth
The Guardian of Mankind,
The eternal King,
Afterwards made,
A dwelling for men,
The Almighty Lord.

Then he arose from his sleep and remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of God.

In the morning he came to the steward, his superior, and having acquainted him with the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, by whom he was ordered, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgment what it was, and whence his verse proceeded. They all concluded that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord.

They then expounded to him a passage in holy writ, ordering him, if he could, to put the same into verse.

Having undertaken it, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave it to them composed in most excellent verse; whereupon the abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him the monastic life, which, being accordingly done, she sent him among the rest of the brethren in her monastery, and ordered that he should be taught the whole series of sacred history. Thus Cædmon, keeping in mind all he heard, converted the same into most harmonious verse, and sweetly repeating the same, made his masters in their turn his hearers.

He sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history of Genesis, and made many verses on the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering into the Land of Promise, with many other histories from holy writ.

THE CONVERSION OF EDWIN, KING OF NORTHUMBRIA.

Also from Bede's "Ecclesiastical History."

THE King, holding a council with the Wise Men, asked of every one in particular what he thought of the new doctrine, and the new worship that was preached,* to which the chief of his own priests, Coifi, immediately answered:

"O King, consider what this is which is now preached to us, for I verily declare to you that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of our gods than I; and yet there are many who receive greater favours from you, and are

* By Paulinus.

more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now, if the gods were good for anything, they would rather forward me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination you find these new doctrines, which are now preached to us, better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them without any delay."

Another of the King's chief men, approving of the high priest's words and exhortations, presently added: "The present life of man, O King, seems to me, in comparison with that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad. The sparrow, I say, flying in at one door and immediately out at another, whilst he is within is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The other elders and King's counsellors, by Divine inspiration, spoke to the same effect.

But Coifi added that he wished more attentively to hear Paulinus discourse concerning the God whom he preached, which he having by the King's command performed, Coifi, hearing his words, cried out: "I have long since been sensible that there was nothing in that which we worshipped, because the more diligently I sought after truth in that worship, the less I found it. But now I freely confess that such truth evidently appears in this preaching, as can confer on us the gifts of life, of salvation, and of eternal happiness. For which reason I advise, O King, that we instantly abjure and set fire to those temples and altars

which we have consecrated without reaping any benefit from them."

In short, the King publicly gave his license to Paulinus to preach the Gospel, and renouncing idolatry, declared that he received the faith of Christ; and when he inquired of the high priest who should first profane the altars and temples of their idols, with the enclosures that were about them, Coifi answered: "I; for who can more properly than myself destroy those things which I worshipped through ignorance, for an example to all others, through the wisdom which has been given me by the true God?" Then immediately, in contempt of his former superstitions, he desired the King to furnish him with arms and a horse, and mounting the same, he set out to destroy the idols, for it was not lawful before for the high priest either to carry arms or to ride a horse. Having, therefore, girt a sword about him, with a spear in his hand, he mounted the King's horse, and proceeded to the idols. The multitude, beholding it, concluded he was distracted; but he lost no time, for as soon as he drew near the temple he profaned the same, casting into it the spear which he held, and, rejoicing in the knowledge of the worship of the true God, he commanded his companions to destroy the temple, with all its enclosures, by fire.

This place where the idols were is still shown, not far from York to the eastward, beyond the river Derwent, and is now called Godmundingham, where the high priest, by the inspiration of the true God, profaned and destroyed the altars which he had himself consecrated.

CUTHBERT'S ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF
BEDE.

*From Cuthbert's Letter to his fellow reader, Cuthwin, on the
Death of their Master the Venerable Bede.*

DURING these last days he laboured to compose two works well worthy to be remembered, besides the lessons we had from him, and singing of Psalms—viz., he translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words: "But what are these among so many,"* into our own tongue for the benefit of the Church, and some collections out of the "Book of Notes" of Bishop Isidorus, saying: "I will not have my pupils read a falsehood, nor labour therein without profit after my death."

When the Tuesday before the Ascension of our Lord came, he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, and now and then among other things said, "Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away." But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure; and so he spent the night, awake, in thanksgiving. And when the morning appeared—that is, Wednesday—he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun; and this done, we walked till the third hour according to the custom of that day.

There was one of us with him who said to him, "Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting; do you think it troublesome to ask any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen, and make ready, and write quickly." This he did; but at the ninth hour the master said to me, "I have some little articles of

* St. John vi. 9.

value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense; run quickly, and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed on me. The rich in this world are bent on giving gold and silver and other precious things, but I, in charity, will joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me." He spoke to every one of them, admonishing and entreating them that they would carefully say prayers for him, which they readily promised; but they all mourned and wept, especially because he said that they should no more see his face in this world. But they rejoiced when he said: "It is time that I return to Him who formed me out of nothing. I have lived long; my merciful Judge well foresaw my life for me; the time of my dissolution draws nigh, for I desire to die and be with Christ."

Having said much more, he passed the day cheerfully till the evening; and the boy above mentioned said: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." He answered, "Write quickly." Soon after the boy said: "The sentence is now written." He replied: "It is well; you have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands; for it is a great joy to me to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray, that I may also, sitting, call upon my Father." And thus, on the pavement of his little cell, singing, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," when he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH, 937 A.D.

From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, where, under the above date, these verses are inserted instead of the usual prose entry. Each line is divided as in the original poem.

937. THIS year King Athelstan and Edmund his brother led a force to Brumby, and there fought against Anlaf,* and, Christ helping, had the victory; and they there slew five kings and seven earls.

Here Athelstan, king, of earls the lord,
 of heroes the ring-giver, and his brother eke,
 Edmund etheling, life-long-glory
 in battle won with edges of swords
 near Brumby: the board-walls they clove,
 they hewed the war-lindens, with leavings of hammers,†
 offspring of Edward; such was their noble nature
 from their ancestors, that they in battle oft
 against every foe the land defended,
 hoards and homes. Their foes they crushed,
 the Scottish people and the shipmen
 fated fell: the field did flow
 with warriors' blood, since the sun up
 at morning tide, mighty planet,
 glided o'er ground, God's candle bright,
 the eternal Lord's, till the noble creature
 sank to her settle. There lay many a warrior
 by spears strawn, man of the north
 over shield shot; so the Scots eke,
 weary, war-sad. West-Saxons onwards
 the whole day long, in bands,
 pursued the footsteps of the loathed nations;

* King of the Danes of Ireland, who was leagued with Constantine, King of the Scots, and Owen, King of Cumbria. Athelstan was at the head of the English of Mercia and Wessex. Brumby, or Brunanburh, is supposed to have been somewhere in Lancashire.

† I.e., with swords.

they hewed the fugitives behind, severely,
with swords mill-sharp. Mercians refused not
the hard hand-play to any heroes,
who with Anlaf over the ocean,
in the ship's bosom, sought this land,
fated to the fight. Five lay
on the battle-field, youthful kings,
by swords in slumber laid, so seven eke
of Anlaf's earls, of the army countless,
shipmen and Scots. There was made flee
the North-men's chieftain,* by need constrained,
to the ship's prow with a little band :
the bark drove afloat ; the king departed
on the fallow flood, his life preserved.
So there eke the sage came by flight
to his northern home, Constantine,
hoary warrior ; he had no cause to boast
the joining of swords ; he was of kindred bereft,
of friends deprived, on the folk-stead
in battle slain ; and his son he left
on the slaughter-place mangled with wounds,
young in the fight. He had no cause to boast,
hero grizzly-haired, of the bill-clashing,
the old deceiver ; nor Anlaf the more,
with the remnant of their armies ; they had no cause to laugh
that they in war's works the better men were
in the battle-stead, at the conflict of banners,
clashing of spears, meeting of men,
traffic of weapons, that they on the slaughter-field
with Edward's offspring played.
The North-men departed in their nailed barks,
bloody relic of spears, on roaring ocean,
o'er the deep water Dublin to seek,
Ireland once more, shamed in mind.
So too the brothers, both together,
king and etheling, their country sought,
West-Saxons' land, in the war exulting.
They left behind them, the corse to devour,
the sallowy kite, the swarthy raven

* Anlaf, who returned to Ireland with but a handful of men.

with horned nib,	and the dusky one.
erne white-tailed,	his meal to enjoy,
greedy war-hawk ;	and the gray beast,
wolf of the weald.	Carnage greater ne'er was
in this island	ever yet
of people slain	before this,
by edges of swords,	as books us tell,
old writers,	since from eastward hither,
Angles and Saxons	came to land,
o'er the broad seas,	Britain sought,
mighty war-smiths	the Welsh o'ercame,
earls eager for glory	this land obtained.

"FARTHEST NORTH" IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

From King Alfred's translation of the Latin "Universal History of Orosius," to which the King added geographical chapters of his own.

ON THERE told his lord, King Alfred, that he lived to the north of all the Northmen. He said that he dwelt on the mainland to the northward, by the western sea ; that the land, however, extends to a very great length thence onward to the north ; but it is all waste, except in a few places where the Finns occasionally resort for hunting in the winter, and in the summer for fishing along the sea-coast.

He said that he wished to find out, at some time, how far this country extended northward, or whether anyone lived to the north of the waste land. With this intent he proceeded northward along the coast, leaving all the way the waste land to the starboard, and the wide sea on the larboard, for three days. He was then as far north as the whale-hunters ever went.



He then continued his voyage, steering yet northward, as far as he could sail within three other days. Then the land began to take a turn to the eastward, or the sea turned in on the land, he knew not which. He knows, however, that he awaited there a western wind, and sailed thence eastward by the land as far as he could in four days. Then he was obliged to wait for a due north wind, because the land there began to run southward, or the sea in on the land, he knows not which. He sailed thence along the coast southward as far as he could in five days.

There lay then a great river a long way up in the land, into the mouth of which they entered, because they durst not proceed beyond the river from fear of attack, for the land was all inhabited on the other side of the river.

Ohthere, however, had not met with any inhabited land before this since he first set out from his own home. All the land to his right, during his whole voyage, was uncultivated and without inhabitants, except a few fishermen, fowlers, and hunters, all of whom were Finns; and he had nothing but the wide sea on his left all the way. The Biarmians, indeed, had well cultivated their land, though the travellers durst not enter upon it; but the land of the Terfinns was all waste, and it was only occasionally inhabited by hunters and fishermen and fowlers.

The Biarmians told him many stories, both about their own land and about the other countries around them; but Ohthere knew not how much truth there was in them, because he had not seen these things with his own eyes. It seemed, however, to him that the Finns and the Biarmians spoke almost the same language.

In addition to seeing the land itself he came there chiefly for the horse-whales,* because they have very excellent bone in their teeth—some of which he brought to the King—and their hide is good for the making of ship-ropes.

* Walruses.

This sort of whale is much less than the other kinds: it is no longer commonly than seven ells; but in his own country (Ohthere says) is the best whale-hunting. There the whales are eight-and-forty ells long, and the largest fifty. Of these, he said, he, with five others, once killed sixty in two days.

Ohthere was a very rich man in the possession of those animals in which the principal wealth of his people consists; namely, such as are naturally wild. He had, then, when he came to seek King Alfred, 600 deer, all tamed by himself, and not purchased. Those deer they call *reims*. Of these six were decoy deer, which are very valuable amongst the Finns, because they catch the wild deer with them.

Ohthere himself was amongst the first men in his own land, though he had not more than twenty cattle, twenty sheep, and twenty swine; and what little he ploughed he ploughed with horses. The property of his people consists chiefly in a certain tribute which the Finlanders yield them. This tribute consists of the skins of animals, feathers of various birds, whalebone, and ship-ropes, which are made of the hides of whales and of seals. Everyone pays according to his substance; the wealthiest man amongst them pays only the skins of fifteen martens, five reindeer skins, one bear's skin, ten measures of feathers, a cloak of bear's or otter's skin, two ship-ropes (each sixty ells long), one made of whale's and the other of seal's skin.

Ohthere, moreover, said that the land of the Northmen was very long and very narrow; all that is fit either for pasture or ploughing lies along the sea-coast, which, however, is in some parts very cloddy; along the eastern side are wild moors, extending a long way up parallel to the cultivated land.

The Finlanders inhabit these moors, and the cultivated land is broadest to the eastward, and, altogether, the farther northward it lies, the narrower it is. Eastward it may perhaps be sixty miles broad, in some places broader; about the middle, thirty miles or somewhat more; and

northward, Ohthere says (where it is narrowest), it may only be three miles across from the sea to the moors, which, however, are in some parts so wide that a man could scarcely pass over them in two weeks, though in other parts perhaps in six days.

Then alongside this land southward is Sweoland, on the other side of the moors, extending quite to the northward; and running even with the northern part of it is Cwenaland. The Cwenas sometimes make incursions against the Northmen. There are very large meres of fresh water beyond the moors, and the Cwenas carry their ships overland into the meres, whence they harry the Northmen; they have ships that are very small and very light.

Ohthere says that the district which he inhabited is called Halgoland. He says that no human being abode in any fixed habitation to the north of him. There is a port to the south of this land which is called Sciringes-heal. Thither he said that a man could not sail in a month, if he watched in the night, and every day had a fair wind, and all the while he shall sail along the coast; and on his right hand first is Iceland, and then the islands which are between Iceland and this land.* Then this land continues quite to Sciringes-heal; and all the way on the left is Norway. To the south of Sciringes-heal a great sea runs up a vast way into the country, and is so wide that no man can see across it. (Jutland is opposite on the other side, and then Zealand.) This sea lies many hundred miles up into the land.

Ohthere further says that he sailed in five days from Sciringes-heal to that port which men called Haddeby, which stands between the Wends, the Saxons, and the Angles, and is subject to the Danes. When Ohthere sailed to this place from Sciringes-heal Denmark was on his left, and on his right the wide sea, for three days; and for the two days before he came to Haddeby on his right hand was

* *I.e.*, Between Iceland and England.

Jutland, Zealand, and many islands, all which lands were inhabited by the English before they came hither; and for these two days the islands which belong to Denmark were on his left.

THE STORY OF LEAR, KING OF BRITAIN.

From the Latin "History of the British Kings," by Geoffrey of Monmouth [1110 (?) - 1154].

I.

AFTER Bladud, Lear, his son, was advanced to the throne, and nobly governed his country sixty years. He built upon the river Soar a city, called in the British tongue, Kærlear, in the Saxon, Learcestre.* He was without sons, but had three daughters, whose names were Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, of whom he was very fond, but especially of his youngest, Cordelia.

When he began to grow old, he had thoughts of dividing his kingdom among them, and of bestowing them on such husbands as were fit to be advanced to the government with them. But to make trial who was worthy of the best part of his kingdom, he went to each of them to ask which of them loved him most.

The question being proposed, Goneril, the eldest, made answer that she called Heaven to witness she loved him more than her own soul. The father replied: "Since you have preferred my declining age before your own life, I will marry you, my dearest daughter, to whomsoever you shall make choice of, and give with you the third part of my kingdom."

Then Regan, the second daughter, willingly, after the example of her sister, answered with an oath that she

* I.e., Leicester.

could not otherwise express her thoughts, but that she loved him above all creatures. The credulous father upon this made her the same promise that he did to her eldest sister—that is, the choice of a husband, with the third part of his kingdom.

But Cordelia, the youngest, understanding how easily he was satisfied with the flattering expressions of her sisters, was desirous to make trial of his affection after a different manner. "My father," said she, "is there any daughter that can love her father more than duty requires? In my opinion, whoever pretends to it must disguise her real feeling under the veil of flattery. I have always loved you as a father, nor do I yet depart from my purposed duty; and if you insist upon having something more extorted from me, hear now the greatness of my affection, which I always bear you, and take this for a short answer to all your questions: look how much you have; so much is your value, and so much do I love you."

The father, supposing that she spoke this out of the abundance of her heart, was highly provoked, and immediately replied: "Since you have so far despised my old age as not to think me worthy the love that your sisters express for me, you shall have from me the like regard, and shall be excluded from any share with your sisters in my kingdom. Notwithstanding, since you are my daughter, I will marry you to some foreigner, if fortune offers you any such husband; but will never, I do assure you, make it my business to procure so honourable a match for you as for your sisters; because, though I have hitherto loved you more than them, you have in requital thought me less worthy of your affection than they."

And without further delay, after consultation with his nobility, he bestowed his two other daughters upon the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany, with half the island at present, but after his death the inheritance of the whole monarchy of Britain.

It happened after this that Aganippus, King of the Franks, having heard of the fame of Cordelia's beauty, forthwith sent his ambassadors to the King to demand her in marriage. The father, retaining yet his anger towards her, made answer that he was very willing to bestow his daughter, but without either money or territories, because he had already given away his kingdom with all his treasure to his eldest daughters, Goneril and Régan. When this was told Aganippus, he, being very much in love with the lady, sent again to King Lear to tell him that he had money and territories enough, as he possessed the third part of Gaul, and desired no more than his daughter only. At last the match was concluded: Cordelia was sent to Gaul, and married to Aganippus.*

II.

A long time after this, when Lear came to be infirm through old age, the two dukes, on whom he had bestowed Britain with his two daughters, fostered an insurrection against him, and deprived him of his kingdom, and of all regal authority, which he had hitherto exercised with great power and glory. At length, by mutual agreement, the Duke of Albany, one of his sons-in-law, was to allow him a maintenance at his own house, together with sixty soldiers, who were to be kept for State.

After two years' stay with his son-in-law, his daughter Goneril grudged the number of his men, who began to upbraid the ministers of the Court with their scanty allowance; and, having spoken to her husband about it, she gave orders that the number of her father's followers should be reduced to thirty, and the rest discharged. The father, resenting this treatment, left her palace, and went to the Duke of Cornwall, to whom he had married his

* Shakespeare, in his "King Lear," makes the King of France, as he calls Aganippus, appear in person to claim Cordelia's hand. See illustration on p. 29.

daughter Regan. Here he met with an honourable reception, but before the year was at an end a quarrel happened between the two families, which raised Regan's indignation, so that she commanded her father to discharge all his attendants but five, and to be contented with their service.

This second affliction was insupportable to him, and made him return again to his eldest daughter, with hopes that the misery of his condition might move in her some sentiments of filial piety, and that he, with his family, might find a subsistence with her. But she, not forgetting her resentment, swore by the gods he should not stay with her unless he would dismiss his retinue, and be contented with the attendance of one man; and with bitter reproaches she told him how ill his desire of vainglorious pomp suited his age and poverty.

When he found that she was by no means to be prevailed upon, he was at last forced to comply, and, dismissing the rest, to take up with one man only. But by this time he began to reflect more sensibly with himself upon the grandeur from which he had fallen, and the miserable state to which he was now reduced, and to enter upon thoughts of going beyond sea to his youngest daughter. Yet he doubted whether he should be able to move her pity, because (as was related above) he had treated her so unworthily. However, disdaining to bear any longer such base usage, he took ship for Gaul. In his passage he observed he had only the third place given him among the princes that were with him in the ship, at which, with deep sighs and tears, he burst forth into the following complaint:

"O irreversible decrees of the Fates, that never swerve from your state's course! Why did you ever advance me to an unstable felicity, since the punishment of lost happiness is greater than the sense of present misery? The remembrance of the time when vast numbers of men attended me

in taking the cities and wasting the enemy's countries more deeply pierces my heart than the view of my present calamity, which has exposed me to the derision of those who were formerly prostrate at my feet. Oh, the enmity of fortune ! Shall I ever again see the day when I may be able to reward those according to their deserts who have forsaken me in my distress ? How true was thy answer, Cordelia, when I asked thee concerning thy love to me !—‘ As much as you have, so much is your value, and so much do I love you.’ While I had anything to give they valued me, being friends, not to me, but to my gifts ; they loved me then, but they loved my gifts much more ; when my gifts ceased, my friends vanished. But with what face shall I presume to see you, my dearest daughter, since in my anger I married you upon worse terms than your sisters, who, after all the mighty favours they have received from me, suffer me to be in banishment and poverty ?”

As he was lamenting his condition in these and the like expressions he arrived at Karitia,* where his daughter was, and waited before the city while he sent a messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to desire her relief for a father who suffered both hunger and nakedness. Cordelia was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears asked how many men her father had with him. The messenger answered he had none but one man, who had been his armour-bearer and was staying with him without the town. Then she took what money she thought might be sufficient, and gave it to the messenger with orders to carry her father to another city, and there give out that he was sick, and to provide for him bathing, clothes, and all other nourishment. She likewise gave orders that he should take into his service forty men, well clothed and accoutred, and that when all things were thus prepared he should notify his arrival to King Aganippus and his daughter. The messenger, quickly returning, carried Lear

* Calais.

to another city, and there kept him concealed till he had done everything that Cordelia had commanded.

As soon as he was provided with his royal apparel, ornaments and retinue, he sent word to Aganippus and his daughter that he was driven out of his kingdom of Britain by his sons-in-law, and was come to them to procure their assistance for recovering his dominions. Upon which they, attended by their chief ministers of State and the nobility of the kingdom, went out to meet him and received him honourably, and gave into his management the whole power of Gaul till such time as he should be restored to his former dignity.

In the meantime, Aganippus sent officers over all Gaul to raise an army to restore his father-in-law to his kingdom of Britain. This being done, Lear returned to Britain with his son and daughter and the forces which they had raised, where he fought with his sons-in-law and routed them. Having thus reduced the whole kingdom in his power, he died the third year after. Aganippus also died, and Cordelia, obtaining the government of the kingdom, buried her father in a certain vault which she ordered to be made for him under the river Soar in Leicester.

After a peaceful possession of the government for five years, Cordelia began to meet with disturbances from the two sons of her sisters, being both young men of great spirit, whereof one, named Margan, was born to the Duke of Albany, and the other, named Cunedagius, to the Duke of Cornwall. These, after the death of their fathers, succeeding them in their dukedoms, were incensed to see Britain subject to a woman, and raised forces in order to raise a rebellion against the Queen; nor would they desist from hostilities till, after a general waste of her countries and several battles fought, they at last took her and put her in prison, where for grief at the loss of her kingdom she killed herself.

After this they divided the island between them, of which



CORDELIA LED AWAY BY AGANIPPUS
(From a print in the "Boydell" Shakspeare.)

the part that reaches from the north side of the Humber to Caithness, fell to Margan; the other part from the same river westward was Cunedagius's share. At the end of two years some restless spirits that took pleasure in the troubles of the nation had access to Margan, and inspired him with vain conceits by representing to him how mean and disgraceful it was for him not to govern the whole island, which was his due by right of birth. Stirred up with these and the like suggestions, he marched with an army through Cunedagius's country, and began to burn all before him. The war thus breaking out, he was met by Cunedagius with all his forces, who attacked Margan, killing no small number of his men, and, putting him to flight, pursued him from one province to another, till at last he killed him in a town of Cambria, which since his death has been by the country people called Margan to this day. After the victory Cunedagius gained the monarchy of the whole island, which he governed gloriously for three and thirty years. At this time flourished the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, and Rome was built upon the eleventh before the Kalends of May by the two brothers, Romulus and Remus.

TALES OF A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY
TRAVELLER.

From the "Voyages and Travels of Sir John Mandeville," who, it was said, set out in 1322 and, according to his own story, visited Tartary, Persia, Armenia, Lybia, Chaldea, part of Ethiopia, Amazonia, India and Ceylon. The book was first written in Latin, and then translated into English. According to good authorities, Mandeville never existed, and the "Voyages and Travels" is said to have been compiled from other books of travel.

I. The Phœnix.

IN Egypt is the city of Heliopolis—that is to say, the city of the Sun—in which there is a temple, made round after the shape of the temple of Jerusalem. The priests of that temple have all their writings dated by the bird called Phoenix, of which there is but one in the world. It comes to burn itself on the altar of the temple at the end of five hundred years, for so long it lives: and then the priests array their altar and put thereon spices, and sulphur, and many other things that will burn quickly, and the Phœnix comes and burns itself to ashes. The next day they find in the ashes a worm, and the second day after they find a bird, alive and perfect, and the third day it flies away. This bird is often seen flying in those countries; it is somewhat larger than an eagle, and has a crest of feathers on its head greater than that of a peacock; its neck is yellow, its beak blue, and its wings of a purple colour, and the tail is yellow and red. It is a very handsome bird to look at against the sun, for it shines very gloriously and nobly.

II. The Dead Sea.

The water of the Dead Sea is very bitter and salt, and if the earth were moistened with that water it would never bear fruit; and the earth and land changeth often its colour.

The water casteth out a thing that is called asphalt, in pieces as large as a horse, every day and on all sides. From Jerusalem to that sea is two hundred furlongs. That sea is in length five hundred and eighty-four furlongs, and in breadth one hundred and fifty furlongs, and is called the Dead Sea because it does not run, but is ever motionless. Neither man, beast, nor anything that hath life may die in that sea; and that hath been proved many times by men that hath been condemned to death, who have been cast therein and left therein three or four days, and they might never die therein, for it receiveth nothing within it that breatheth life. And no man may drink of the water on account of its bitterness. And if a man cast iron therein, it will float on the surface, but if men cast a feather therein, it will sink to the bottom, and these are things contrary to nature. And there beside grow trees that bear apples very fair of colour to behold, but when we break or cut them in two we find within ashes and cinders.*

III. The Sparrow-hawk.

From Trebizond men go through Little Ermony (Armenia), in which is an old castle on a rock, called the Castle of the

* In "Eothen," a book of travels in the East, written by the historian A. W. Kinglake (1811-1891), occurs the following passage: "I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually that I was not only forced to 'sneak in,' but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt to dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply that the pain I thus suffered, joined with the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments; but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water; but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace: my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear; its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore; and, before I began to dress, I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly incrustated with salts."

Sparrow-hawk. There is found a sparrow-hawk upon a fair perch, and a fair lady of faërie, who keeps it ; and whoever will watch that sparrow-hawk seven days and seven nights, or, as some men say, three days and three nights, without company and without sleep, that fair lady shall give him, when he hath done, the first wish that he will wish of earthly things ; and that hath been proved oftentimes.

And once a King of Ermony, who was a worthy knight and a brave man, and a noble prince, watched that hawk some time, and at the end of seven days and seven nights the lady came to him and bade him wish, for he had well deserved it, and he answered that he was a great lord enough, and well in peace, and had enough of worldly riches, and, therefore, he would wish no other thing but that fair lady herself. And she answered him that he knew not what he asked, for she said that he should only ask an earthly thing, and she was no earthly thing, but a spiritual thing.

And the King said that he would ask no other thing. And the lady answered, " Since I may not persuade you, I shall give you without wishing, and to all that shall come after you. Sir King, you shall have war without peace, and always you shall be in subjection to your enemies, and you shall be in need of all goods." And since that neither the King of Ermony nor the country were ever in peace or rich, and they have since been always under tribute to the Saracens.

At another time, the son of a poor man watched the hawk, and wished that he might have good success and be fortunate in merchandise. And the lady granted it him, and he became the richest and most famous merchant that might be on sea or on land, and he became so rich that he knew not one thousandth part of what he had ; and he was wiser in wishing than the King.

Also a Knight of the Temple watched there, and wished a purse ever full of gold, and the lady granted him ; but she

told him that he had asked the destruction of the Order for the trust of that purse, and the great pride that they should have ; and so it was. And, therefore, let him who watches beware, for if he sleep he is lost, that never man shall see him more.

IV. Far Cathay.

Cathay is a great country, fair, noble, rich, and full of merchants. Thither merchants go to seek spices and all manner of merchandise more commonly than in any other part. From Cathay men go towards the east, by many days' journey, to a good city called Sugarmago, one of the best stored with silk and other merchandise in the world.

Then men come to another old city, towards the east in the provinces of Cathay, near which the men of Tartary have made another city called Caydon, which has twelve gates. And between the gates there is always a great mile, so that the two cities—that is to say, the old and the new—have in circuit more than twenty miles. In this city is the seat of the great Khan, in a very great palace, the fairest in the world, the walls of which are in circuit more than two miles ; and within the walls it is all full of other palaces.

And in the garden of the great palace there is a great hill, upon which there is another palace, the fairest and richest that any man may devise. And all about the palace and the hill are many trees, bearing divers fruits. And all about that hill are great and deep ditches, and beside them are great fish-ponds on both sides, and there is a very fair bridge to pass over the ditches. And in these fish-ponds are an extraordinary number of wild-geese and ganders, and wild-ducks, and swans and herons. And all about these ditches and fish-ponds is the great garden, full of wild beasts, so that when the great Khan will have any sport to take any of the wild beasts, or of the fowls, he will cause them to be driven, and take them at the windows without going out of his chamber.

Within the palace, in the hall, there are twenty-four pillars of fine gold, and all the walls are covered within with red skins of animals called panthers, fair beasts and well smelling, so that, for the sweet odour of the skins, no evil air may enter into the palace. The skins are as red as blood, and shine so bright against the sun that a man may scarcely look at them. And many people worship the beasts when they meet them first in a morning, for their great virtue and for the good smell that they have, and the skins they value more than if they were plates of fine gold.

The hall of the palace is full nobly arrayed, and full marvellously attired on all parts, in all things that men apparel any hall with. And first, at the head of the hall, is the Emperor's throne, very high, where he sits at meat. It is of fine precious stones, bordered all about with purified gold and precious stones and great pearls. And the steps up to the table are of precious stones mixed with gold.

At great feasts men bring before the Emperor's table great tables of gold, and thereon are peacocks of gold and many other kinds of different fowls, all of gold and richly wrought and enamelled, and they make them dance and sing, clapping their wings together and making great noise; and whether it be by craft or by necromancy I know not, but it is a goodly sight to behold. But I have the less marvel, because they are the most skilful men in the world in all sciences and in all crafts; for in subtilty, malice, and forethought they surpass all men under heaven, and therefore they say themselves that they see with two eyes, and the Christians see but with one, because they are more subtle than they. I busied myself much to learn that craft, but the master told me that he had made a vow to his god to teach it no creature, but only to his eldest son.

V. The Bundle of Arrows.

Now when the Khan of Cathay had won the country of Cathay, and put in subjection many countries about, he fell sick. And when he felt that he should die, he said to his twelve sons that each of them should bring him one of his arrows, and so they did anon. And then he commanded that they should bind them together in three places, and then he gave them to his eldest son and bade him break them, but he might not. And then the Khan bade his second son break them, and so to the others, one after another, but none of them might break them. And then he bade the youngest son separate them from each other and break every one by itself, and so he did.

Then said the Khan to his eldest son, and to all the others, "Wherefore might you not break them?" And they answered that they might not because they were bound together. "And wherefore," quoth he, "hath your little youngest brother broke them?" "Because," quoth they, "they were separated from each other." Then said the Khan, "My sons, truly thus will it fare with you; for, as long as you are bound together in three places—that is to say, in love, truth and good accord—no man shall have power to grieve you. But if you be divided from these three places, that one of you help not the other, you shall be destroyed and brought to nothing; and if each of you love each other, and help each other, you shall be lords and sovereigns over all other people."

VI. Two Great Marvels.

In passing by the land of Cathay towards Upper India and towards Bucharia, men pass by a kingdom called Caldilhe, which is a very fair country. And there grows a kind of fruit like gourds, which, when they are ripe, men cut in two, and find within a little beast, in flesh, bone and blood, as though it were a little lamb without wool. And men eat

both the fruit and the beast, and that is a great marvel. Of that fruit I have eaten ; and I told them of as great a marvel to them that is amongst us, and that was of the bernacles.* For I told them that in our country were trees that bear a fruit that becomes flying birds ; and those that fall in the water live, and those that fall on the earth die anon ; and they are right good for man's meat. And thereof had they also great marvel, that some of them thought it was an impossibility.

CHAUCER'S "POOR PARSON."

Modernized from the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales."

A GOOD man of religion did I see,
And a poor Parson of a town was he :
But rich he was of holy thought and work.
He also was a learned man, a clerk,
And truly would Christ's holy Gospel preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And patient when adversity was sent ;
Such had he often proved, and loth was he
To curse for tythes and ransack poverty ;
But rather would he give, there is no doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about,
Of his own substance, and his offerings too.
His wants were humble, and his needs but few.

Wide was his parish—houses far asunder—
But he neglected not for rain or thunder,
In sickness and in grief to visit all
The farthest in his parish great and small ;
Always on foot and in his hand a stave.
This noble example to his flock he gave :
That first he wrought and afterwards he taught.
Out of the Gospel he that lesson caught,

* Called also bernakes and barnacle geese in other parts of this book.

And the new figure added he thereto—
That if gold rust, then what should iron do?
And if a priest be foul on whom we trust,
No wonder if an ignorant man should rust;
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
To see an unclean shepherd and clean sheep.
Well ought a priest to all example give,
By his pure conduct, how his sheep should live.

He let not out his benefice for hire,
Leaving his flock encumbered in the mire,
While he ran up to London to St. Paul's
To seek a well-paid chantery for souls,
Or with a loving friend his pastime hold;
But dwelt at home and tended well his fold,
So that to foil the wolf he was quite wary;
He was a shepherd and no mercenary.
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught;
A love benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to heavenly gentleness
And good example, was his business.
But if that anyone were obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply check with altered mien:
A better parson there was nowhere seen.
He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense;
The lore of Christ and His Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself.

*From the Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer modernized by R. H. Horne (Prologue),
Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Elizabeth B. Barrett, and others (1841).*

SIR GALAHAD AND THE SIEGE PERILOUS.

From the "Morte D'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory (latter half of the fifteenth century).

I.

AT the vigil of Pentecost, when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come unto Camelot, right so entered into the hall a full fair gentlewoman on horseback; then she alighted and came before King Arthur and saluted him: "Sir," said she, "for God's sake show me where Sir Launcelot is!" "Yonder may ye see him," said King Arthur. Then she went unto Sir Launcelot and said, "Sir Launcelot, I salute you on King Pelles' behalf, and I require you to come with me hereby into a forest." So Sir Launcelot bade his squire to saddle his horse and bring his armour; and in all haste he did his commandment.

Then came the Queen unto Sir Launcelot and said, "Will ye leave us at this high feast?" "Madame," said the gentlewoman, "wit ye well he shall be with you tomorrow by dinner-time." Right so departed Sir Launcelot with the gentlewoman, and rode till they came into a forest, and into a great valley, where he saw an abbey of nuns; and there was a squire ready to open the gates.

So they entered in, and descended from their horses, and there came a fair fellowship about Sir Launcelot, and welcomed him, and were passing glad of his coming; and then they led him into the abbess's chamber, and unarmed him. Right so he was ware lying upon a bed two of his cousins, Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, and he awaked them; and when they saw him they made great joy. In the meanwhile, as they stood thus talking together, there came in twelve nuns, which brought with them Galahad,* the which was passing fair and well made, that men in all the world might

* The son of Sir Launcelot and the daughter of King Pelles.

not find his match; and all those ladies wept. "Sir," said the ladies, "we bring here this child, the which we have nourished, and we pray you to make him a knight; for of a worthier man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood."

Then said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?" He and all they said, "Yea." "Then shall he," said Sir Launcelot, "receive the high order of knighthood to-morrow at the reverence of the high feast." That night Sir Launcelot had passing good cheer, and on the morrow at the hour of prime, at Galahad's desire, he made him knight, and said: "God make him a good man, for beauty faileth him not as any that liveth!"

II.

"Now, fair sir," said Sir Launcelot, "will ye come with me unto the Court of my lord King Arthur?" "Nay," said he, "I will not go with you as at this time." Then Launcelot departed from them, and took his two cousins with him; and so they came unto Camelot by the hour of undern* on Whitsun-day.

So when the King and all the knights were come from the service, the barons spied in the siegest† of the Round Table all about written with letters of gold; and they came unto the Siege Perilous,‡ where they found letters newly written of gold that said: "Four hundred winters and four and fifty accomplished after the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled." Then they all said: "This is a full marvellous thing, and an adventurous." "In the name of God, it seemeth me," said Sir Launcelot, "this siege ought to be fulfilled this same day, for this is the Feast of Pentecost after the 'four hundred and four and

* Nine in the morning.

† Seats.

‡ In the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit but one; and if there be any (other) so hardy to do it, he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sit there shall have no fellow (*i.e.*, no equal).—MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

fifty years,' and if it would please all parties, I would that none of these letters were seen this day, till he be come that ought to achieve this adventure."

Then made they to ordain a cloth of silk to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous. And as they stood speaking in came a squire and said unto the King: "Sir, there is here beneath at the river a great stone which I saw float above the water, and therein I saw a sword sticking." Then said the King, "I will see that marvel." So all the knights went with him, and when they came unto the river they found there a stone floating as it had been of red marble, and therein stuck a fair and a rich sword, and in the pommel thereof were precious stones, wrought with subtle letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters, which were in this wise: "Never shall man take me hence, but only he by whom I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of the world." When the King had seen these letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot, "Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours; for I am sure that ye be the best knight of the world." Then Sir Launcelot answered soberly, "Certainly, sir, it is not my sword. Also, sir, wit ye well I have no hardyness to set my hand to it, for it belongeth not to hang by my side. Also, whoso assayeth to take that sword, and faileth of it, he shall receive a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole long after. And I will that ye know that this same day will the adventures of the Sancgreal* (that is called the holy vessel) begin."

III.

"Now, my fair nephew," said the King unto Sir Gawaine, "assay ye once for my love." "Sir," said he, "save your grace, I shall not do that." "Sir," said the King, "assay to take the sword at my command." "Sir," said Sir Gawaine, "your command I will obey." And therewithal he took

* "It is an holy vessel that is borne by a maiden . . . but it may not be seen except it be by a perfect man."—MALORY.

the sword by the handle, but he might not stir it. "I thank you," said King Arthur unto Sir Gawaine. "My lord, Sir Gawaine," said Sir Launcelot, "now wit ye well this sword shall touch you so sore that ye shall will ye had never set your hand thereto for the best castle of this realm." "Sir," said Sir Gawaine, "I might not withstand mine uncle's will and commandment." But when King Arthur heard this, he repented it much.

Then he bade Sir Percivale that he should assay for his love. And therewithal he set his hand upon the sword and drew at it strongly, but he might not once move it. Then were there no more that durst be so hardy to set their hands thereto. "Now may ye go unto your dinner," said Sir Kay unto King Arthur, "for a marvellous adventure have ye seen."

So the King and all his knights went into the Court, and every knight knew his own place, and they set them therein, and young men that were knights served them. And when they were served, and all the sieges fulfilled save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvellous adventure, that all the doors and the windows of the palace shut by themselves; but for all that the hall was not greatly darkened, and therewith they were all abashed both one and the other. Then King Arthur spake first, and said: "Fair fellows and lords, we have seen this day marvels, but ere night I suppose we shall see greater marvels."

In the meanwhile came in a good old man and an ancient, all in white, and there was no knight that knew from whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side, and these words he said: "Peace be with you, fair lords." Then the old man said unto King Arthur, "Sir, I bring you here a young knight that is of king's lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea, whereby the marvels of this Court and of strange realms shall be fully accomplished."

IV.

The King was right glad of his words, and said unto the good man, "Sir, ye be right heartily welcome and the young knight with you." Then the old man bade the young knight to unarm himself, and anon he brought him unto the Siege Perilous, where beside sat Sir Launcelot. And the good old man lifted up the cloth, and found there letters that said, "This is the siege of Sir Galahad, the good knight." "Sir," said the old man, "wit ye well this place is yours." And then he set him down surely in that siege. So the good man departed, and there met him twenty noble squires, and they took their horses and went their way.

Then all the knights of the Round Table marvelled greatly at Sir Galahad that he durst sit there in the Siege Perilous, and was so tender of age. Then Sir Launcelot beheld his son, and had great joy of him. Then Sir Bors told his fellows: "Upon pain of my life, this young knight shall come unto great worship."

This noise was great in all the Court, so that it came to the Queen. Then she had great marvel what knight it might be that durst adventure him to sit in the Siege Perilous. Many said unto the Queen that he resembled Sir Launcelot. So when dinner was done the King went unto the Siege Perilous and lifted up the cloth, and found there the name of Sir Galahad, and then he showed it unto Sir Gawaine, and said, "Fair nephew, now have we among us Sir Galahad, the good knight that shall bring worship to us all, and upon pain of my life he shall achieve the Sancgreal, as Sir Launcelot hath caused us to understand." Then came King Arthur unto Sir Galahad and took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to show Sir Galahad the adventure of the stone.

V.

The Queen heard thereof, and came after with many ladies, and showed them the stone which hove on the waters. "Sir," said the King to Sir Galahad, "here is as great a marvel as ever I saw, and right good knights have assayed and failed." "Sir," said Sir Galahad, "that is no marvel; for this adventure is not theirs but mine, and for the surety of this sword I brought none with me, for here by my side hangeth the scabbard." And anon he laid his hand on the sword and lightly drew it out of the stone, and then he put it into the scabbard and said unto the King, "Now it goeth better than it did aforetime."

Therewith the King and all the others espied where there came riding down the river a lady on a white palfrey toward them, and she saluted the King and the Queen, and asked if Sir Launcelot was there. And then Sir Launcelot answered himself, "I am here, fair lady." Then she said, all weeping, "Your great doings be changed since to-day in the morning." "Damsel, why say ye so?" said Sir Launcelot. "I say you sooth," said the damsel, "for ye were this day the best knight of the world, but ye shall not ween from henceforth that ye be the best knight in the world." "As touching that," said Sir Launcelot, "I know well I was never the best." "Yes," said the damsel, "that were ye, and yet are, of any sinful man of the world; and, sir King, Nacien, the hermit, sendeth thee word that to thee shall befall the greatest worship that ever befell king in Britain, for this day the Sancgreal shall appear in this thy house, and feed thee and all thy fellowship of the Round Table." And so the damsel took her leave, and departed the same way that she came.

THE SEA FIGHT OFF SLUYS, 1340.

Of the Battle on the Sea before Sluys in Flanders between the King of England and the Frenchmen.

Now let us speak of the Earl of Hainault and of the Duke of Normandy, and speak of the King of England who was on the sea with the intention of coming to Flanders and so to Hainault to make war against the Frenchmen.

It was on Midsummer Eve, in the year of our Lord 1340, when all the English fleet departed from the river Thames and took the way to Sluys. At the same time between Blankenberg* and Sluys on the sea were Sir Hugh Quiriel, Sir Peter Bahucet and Barbenoire, and more than six score great vessels besides others containing Normans, light armed soldiers, Genoese and Picards, to the number of about forty thousand. There they were laid by the French King to dispute the King of England's passage.

The King of England and his men came sailing till he arrived before Sluys; and when he saw so great a number of ships that their masts seemed to be like a great wood, he demanded of the master of his ship what people he thought they were. He answered and said, "Sire, I think they be Normans laid here by the French King, and they have done great displeasure in England, burnt your town of Hampton,† and taken your great ship the *Christopher*."

"Ah!" said the King, "I have long desired to fight with the Frenchmen; and now shall I fight with some of them by the grace of God and St. George, for truly they have done me so many displeasures that I would be revenged, if I may."

Then the King set all his ships in order—the greatest in front, well furnished with archers, and always between two

* Near Ostend.

† I.e., Southampton.

ships of archers he had one ship with men-at-arms; then he caused another squadron to lie aloof with archers to comfort them that were most weary if need arose. And there was a great number of countesses, ladies, knights' wives and other damsels, who were going to see the Queen at Ghent; these ladies the King caused to be well kept with three hundred men-at-arms and five hundred archers.

When the King and his marshals had ordered his squadrons, he drew up the sails and came with a quarter wind to have the vantage of the sun. And so at last they turned a little to get the wind at will. When the Normans saw them recoil they marvelled why they did so, and some said, "They think themselves not able to meddle with us, wherefore they will go back." They saw well that the King of England was there in person, by reason of his banners. Then they arranged their fleet in order, for they were sage and good men of war on the sea, and they set the *Christopher*, which they had won the year before, in the forefront with many trumpets and instruments, and so set on their enemies.

There began a sore battle on both parts: archers and cross-bow men began to shoot, and men-at-arms approached and fought hand-to-hand; and the better to come together they had great hooks and grappling-irons to cast out of one ship into another, and so tied them fast together. There were many deeds of arms done—taking and rescuing again.

At last the great *Christopher* was won by the Englishmen, and all that were within it taken or slain. Then there was great noise and cry, and the Englishmen approached and fortified the *Christopher* with archers, and made him pass on before to fight with the Genoese.

This battle was right fierce and terrible—for battles on the sea are more dangerous and fiercer than battles by land. On the sea there is no recoiling or flying: there is no remedy but to fight and to abide fortune, and every man to show his prowess. Of a truth Sir Hugh Quiriel and

Sir Peter Bahucet and Barbenoire were right good and expert men of war.

The battle endured from the morning until it was noon, and the Englishmen suffered much pain, for their enemies were four against one and all good men on the sea. There the King of England was a noble knight of his own hands; he was in the flower of his youth. Likewise also were the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, Hereford, Huntingdon, Northampton and Gloucester; Sir Reginald Cobham, Sir Richard Stafford, the Lord Percy, Sir Walter Manny, Sir Henry of Flanders, Sir John Beauchamp, the Lord Felton, the Lord Brasseton, Sir John Chandos, the Lord Delaware, the Lord Multon, Sir Robert Dartois, called Earl of Richmond, and many other lords and knights who bare themselves so valiantly, with some succour that they had from Bruges and the country thereabout, that they obtained the victory; so that the Frenchmen, Normans and others were discomfited, slain and drowned—there was not one that escaped, but all were slain. . . .

When this victory had been achieved, the King all that night abode in his ship before Sluys, with great noise of trumpets and other instruments.

Modernized from Lord Berners' translation of "Froissart's Chronicles."

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT FIGHTS WITH THE SARACEN SANSJOY.

At last, the golden Oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fair,
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair;
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy air;
Which when the wakeful Elf* perceived, straightway

* The Red Cross Knight, who was one of the warriors of Gloriana, Queen of the Fairies.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

He started up, and did himself prepare
 In sunbright arms, and battailous array ;
 For with that Pagan proud* he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the common hall,
 Where early wait him many a gazing eye,
 To weet† what end to stranger knights may fall.
 There many minstrels maken melody,
 To drive away the dull melánocholy ;
 And many hards, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;
 And many chroniclers, that can record
 Old loves, and wars for ladies done by many a lord.

Soon after comes the cruel Saracen,
 In woven mail all arméd warily ;
 And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
 Does care for look of living creature's eye.
 They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
 And dainty spices fetch from furthest Ind,
 To kindle heat of courage privily ;
 And in the wine a solemn oath they bind
 T' observe the sacred laws of arms that are assign'd.

At last forth comes that far renownéd queen ;‡
 With royal pomp and princely majesty
 She is y-brought§ unto a paléd green,
 And placéd under stately canopy,
 The warlike feats of both those knights to see.
 On th' other side in all men's open view
 Duessa placéd is, and on a tree
 Sansfoy his shield|| is hanged with blood-red hue :
 Both those,¶ the laurel garlands to the victor due.

* The Saracen Sansjoy, whose brother, Sansfoy, had been slain in combat by the Red Cross Knight, and who now desires to avenge his brother and rescue his shield from the victor.

† Know.

‡ Lucifera, to whose palace, named the House of Pride, the Red Cross Knight had been brought by the false Duessa, a witch in the form of a beautiful woman who had led him astray from his duty.

§ The old form of the past participle.

|| I.e., Sansfoy's shield

¶ I.e., both Duessa and the shield.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on high,
And unto battle bade themselves address :
Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,
And burning blades about their heads do bless,
The instruments of wrath and heaviness :
With greedy force each other doth assail,
And strike so fiercely that they do impress
Deep-dinted furrows in the batter'd mail :
The iron walls to ward their blows are weak and frail.

The Saracen was stout and wondrous strong,
And heap'd blows like iron hammers great :
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fierce and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes like dreaded thunder's threat :
For all for praise and honour did he fight.
Both, stricken, strike, and beaten both do beat ;
That from their shields forth fieth fiery light,
And helmets hewen deep, show marks of either's might

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right :
As when a gryfon, seiz'd of his prey,
A dragon fierce encount'reth in his flight,
Through widest air making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away :
With hideous horror both together smite,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray :
The wise soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
The amaz'd vulgar tells of wars and mortal fight.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right ;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe :
The cruel steel so greedily doth bite
In tender flesh, that streams of blood down flow ;
With which the arms that erst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyed.
Great ruth in all the gazers' hearts did grow,
Seeing the gor'd wounds to gape so wide,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chanced to cast his eye,
His sudden eye, flaming with wrathful fire,

Upon his brother's shield, which hung thereby :
 Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
 And said : " Ah ! wretched son of woful sire,
 Dost thou sit wailing by black Stygian lake,
 Whilst here thy shield is hang'd for victor's hire ?
 And, sluggish german,* dost thy forces slake,
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ?

" Go, caytive Elf, him quickly overtake,
 And soon redeem from his long-wand'ring woe :
 Go, guilty ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
 Therewith upon his crest he struck him so,
 That twice he reel'd, ready twice to fall :
 End of the doubtful battle deem'd tho'
 The lookers on ; and loud to him gan call
 The false Duessa, " Thine the shield, and I, and all !"

Soon as the Faëry heard his lady speak,
 Out of his swooning dream he gan awake ;
 And quick'ning faith, that erst was wax'd weak,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake ;
 Tho' moved with wrath, and shame, and lady's sake,
 Of all at once he cast avenged to be,
 And with so exceeding fury at him strake,
 That forc'd him to stoop upon his knee :
 Had he not stoop'd so, he should have cloven be.

And to him said : " Go now, proud miscreant,
 Thyself thy message do to german dear :
 Alone he, wand'ring, thee too long doth want :
 Go, say his foe thy shield with his doth bear."
 Therewith his heavy hand he high gan rear,
 Him to have slain : when lo ! a darksome cloud
 Upon him fell ; he nowhere doth appear,
 But vanish'd is. The Elf him calls aloud,
 But answer none receives ; the darkness him doth shroud†

* Brother.

† Then.

‡ This disappearance, as the poem afterwards tells, was due to the witchcrafts of the false Duessa.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said : " O prowest knight,
That ever lady to her love hast chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despite
And bloody vengeance : lo ! th' infernal pow'rs,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Pluto's baleful bow'rs :
The conquest yours : I yours ; the shield and glory yours !"

Not all so satisfied, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thirsty blade
To bathe in blood of faithless enemy :
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :
He stands amaz'd how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on high,
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory ;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmity.

Wherewith he goeth to that sovereign queen ;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seen ;
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree *
Greatly advancing his gay chivalry :
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on height,
That all the air it fills and flies to heaven bright.

From Edmund Spenser's " Faërie Queen," Book I., Canto 5

* Pleasure, satisfaction.

A STORY FROM "THE DIVINE LIBRARY."

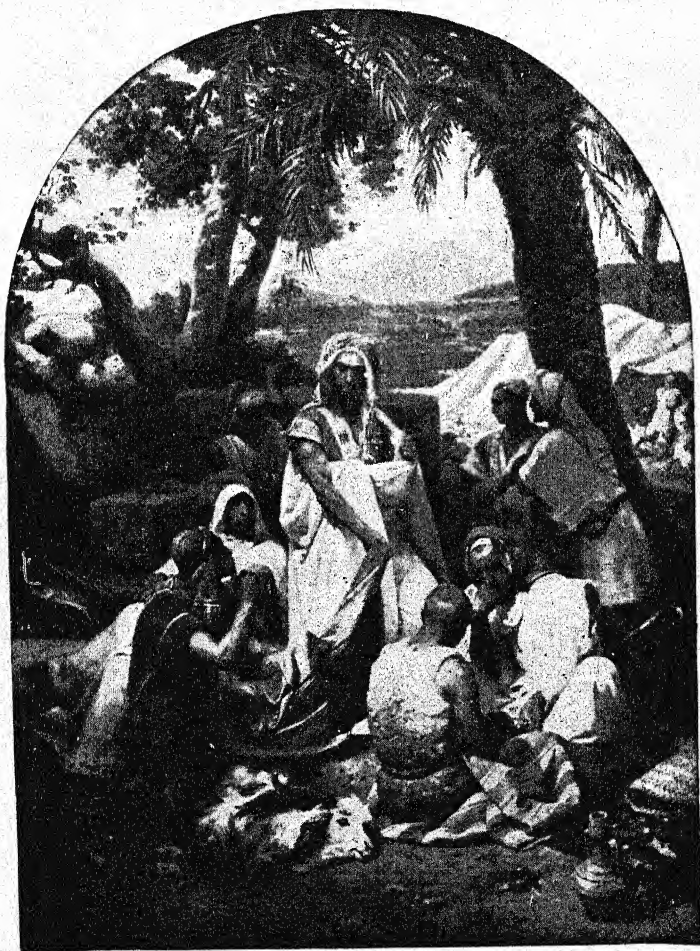
An old familiar story inserted here partly because of its intrinsic beauty, and partly to remind the reader of the high place in our literature occupied by the Authorized Version of the English Bible issued in the year 1611. Nearly all the words in this extract are of pure Anglo-Saxon origin.

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age : and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren : and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed : for, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright ; and behold, your sheaves stood round about and made obeisance to my sheaf." And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us ? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us ?" And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream and told it his brethren, and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more ; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." And he told it to his father and to his brethren ; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed ? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth ?" And his brethren envied him ; but his father observed the saying.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem ? Come, and I will send



JOSEPH'S COAT.

(From Horace Vernet's picture in the Wallace Gallery, by permission.)

thee unto them." And he said to him, "Here am I." And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again." So he sent him out of the Vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him saying, "What seekest thou?" And he said, "I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks." And the man said, "They are departed hence; for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'" And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan.

And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh! Come now, therefore, and let us slay him and cast him into some pit, and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him': and we shall see what will become of his dreams." And Reuben heard it; and he delivered him out of their hands; and said, "Let us not kill him." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him"; that he might rid him out of their hands to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colours that was on him; and they took him and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread; and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh." And his brethren were content.

Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they

drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver ; and they brought Joseph into Egypt. And Reuben returned unto the pit ; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit ; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren and said, " The child is not ; and I, whither shall I go ? "

And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood ; and they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father ; and said, " This have we found : know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. " And he knew it, and said, " It is my son's coat : an evil beast hath devoured him ; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. "

And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him ; but he refused to be comforted ; and he said, " For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. " Thus his father wept for him. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer not tarry,
But put unto the main :
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his warlike train
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Coming toward Agincourt
(In happy hour),

Skirmishing day by day
With those oppose his way,
Whereas the General lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
As Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
Unto him sending :
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth famous Harry then,
" Though they be one to ten,
Be not amazed :
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won
Evermore to the sun
By fame are raised.

" And for myself (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be ;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me ;
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth be slain ;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

" Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
In many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led ;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there.
And now preparing were
For the false Frenchmen.

And ready to be gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum unto drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O, noble Erpingham !
That didst the signal frame
Unto the forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm, suddenly
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

The Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather :
None from his death now starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
No man was tardy.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Arms from the shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent ;
Down the French peasants went,
These men were hardy.

When now that noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Into the host did fling,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
Who many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruis'd his helmet.

Glo'ster that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother :
Clarence in steel most bright,
That yet a maiden knight,
Yet in this furious fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foes invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby,
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

On happy Crispin day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O! when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton (1563-1631).

SOME OLD-WORLD FABLES.

From "*The Wisdom of the Ancients*," by Francis Bacon
(1561-1626).

Narcissus, or Self-Love.*

NARCISSUS is said to have been extremely beautiful and comely, but intolerably proud and disdainful; so that, pleased with himself and scorning the world, he led a solitary life in the woods, hunting only with a few followers, who were his professed admirers, amongst whom the nymph Echo was his constant attendant. In this method of life it was once his fate to approach a clear fountain, where he laid himself down to rest in the noonday heat, when, beholding his image in the water, he fell into such a rapture and admiration of himself that he could by no means be got away, but remained continually fixed and gazing, till at length he was turned into a flower of his own name, which appears early in the spring.

Perseus, or War.

The fable relates that Perseus was despatched from the East by Pallas to cut off Medusa's head, who had committed great ravage upon the people of the West; for this Medusa was so dire a monster as to turn into stone all those who looked upon her. She was a Gorgon, and the only mortal one of the three, the other two being invulnerable. Perseus, therefore, preparing himself for this grand enterprise, had presents made him from three of the gods: Mercury gave him wings for his heels, Pluto a helmet, and Pallas a shield and a mirror. But though he was now so well equipped, he

* Bacon's explanations of these fables are omitted because the language is rather difficult for pupils at this stage. They might with advantage be given orally by the teacher (see "*Bacon's Essays*, etc.," in Bohn's Library).

posted not directly to Medusa, but first turned aside to the Graæ, who were half-sisters to the Gorgons.

These Graæ were grey-headed, and like old women from their birth, having among them all three but one eye, and one tooth, which, as they had occasion to go out, they each wore by turns, and laid them down again upon coming back. This eye and this tooth they lent to Perseus, who now judging himself sufficiently furnished, he, without farther stop, flies swiftly away to Medusa, and finds her asleep. But not venturing his eyes for fear she should wake, he turned his head aside, and viewed her in Pallas's mirror, and thus, directing his stroke, cut off her head, when immediately, from the gushing blood, there darted Pegasus, winged. Perseus now inserted Medusa's head into Pallas's shield, which thence retained the faculty of astonishing and benumbing all who looked on it.

Orpheus, or Philosophy.

Orpheus, having his beloved wife snatched from him by sudden death, resolved upon descending to the infernal regions, to try if, by the power of his harp, he could re-obtain her. And, in effect, he so appeased and soothed the infernal powers by the melody and sweetness of his harp and voice, that they indulged him the liberty of taking her back, on condition that she should follow him behind, and he not turn to look upon her till they came into open day; but he, through the impatience of his care and affection, and thinking himself almost past danger, at length looked behind him, whereby the condition was violated and she again precipitated to Pluto's regions.

From this time Orpheus grew pensive and sad, and a hater of the sex, and went into solitude, where, by the same sweetness of his harp and voice, he first drew the wild beasts of all sorts about him; so that, forgetting their natures, they were neither actuated by revenge, cruelty, hunger, or the desire of prey, but stood gazing about him in a tame and

gentle manner, listening attentively to his music—nay, so great was the power and efficacy of his harmony, that it even caused the trees and stones to remove, and place themselves in a regular manner about him.

When he had for a time and with great admiration continued to do this, at length the Thracian women, raised by the instigation of Bacchus, first blew a deep and hoarse-sounding horn in such an outrageous manner, that it quite drowned the music of Orpheus. And thus the power which, as the link of their society, held all things in order, being dissolved, disturbance reigned anew: each creature returned to its own nature, and pursued and preyed upon its fellow as before. The rocks and woods also started back to their former places, and even Orpheus himself was at last torn to pieces by these female furies, and his limbs scattered all over the desert. But in sorrow and revenge for his death, the river Helicon, sacred to the Muses, hid its waters under ground, and rose again in other places.

Proteus, or Matter.

Proteus, according to the poets, was Neptune's herdsman, an old man, and a most extraordinary prophet, who understood things past and present as well as future, so that, besides the business of divination, he was the revealer and interpreter of all antiquity and secrets of every kind. He lived in a vast cave, where his custom was to tell over his herd of sea-calves at noon, and then to sleep. Whoever consulted him had no other way of obtaining an answer but by binding him with manacles and fetters, when he, endeavouring to free himself, would change into all kinds of shapes and miraculous forms, as of fire, water, wild beasts, etc., till at length he resumed his own shape again.

Atalanta and Hippomenes, or Gain.

Atalanta, who was exceeding fleet, contended with Hippomenes in the course, on condition that if Hippomenes

won he should espouse her, or forfeit his life if he lost. The match was very unequal, for Atalanta had conquered numbers to their destruction. Hippomenes, therefore, had recourse to stratagem. He procured three golden apples, and purposely carried them with him. They started: Atalanta outstripped him soon; then Hippomenes bowled one of his apples before her, across the course, in order not only to make her stoop, but to draw her out of the path. She, prompted by female curiosity, and the beauty of the golden fruit, starts from the course to take up the apple. Hippomenes, in the meantime, holds on his way, and steps before her; but she, by her natural swiftness, soon fetches up her lost ground, and leaves him again behind. Hippomenes, however, by rightly timing his second and third throw, at length won the race, not by his swiftness, but his cunning.

Sphinx, or Science.

They relate that Sphinx was a monster, variously formed, having the face and voice of a virgin, the wings of a bird, and the talons of a griffin. She resided on the top of a mountain, near the city Thebes, and also beset the highways. Her manner was to lie in ambush and seize the travellers, and, having them in her power, to propose to them certain dark and perplexed riddles, which it was thought she received from the Muses; and if her wretched captives could not solve and interpret these riddles, she, with great cruelty, fell upon them in their hesitation and confusion, and tore them to pieces.

This plague having reigned a long time, the Thebans at length offered their kingdom to the man who could interpret her riddles, there being no other way to subdue her. Œdipus, a penetrating and prudent man, though lame in his feet, excited by so great a reward, accepted the condition, and with a good assurance of mind cheerfully presented himself before the monster, who directly asked him, "What

creature that was, which, being four-footed, afterwards became two-footed, then three-footed, and lastly four-footed again?" *Cedipus*, with presence of mind, replied that it was man, who, upon his first birth and infant state, crawled upon all fours in endeavouring to walk; but not long after went upright upon his two natural feet; again, in old age, walked three-footed, with a stick; and at last, growing decrepit, lay four-footed, confined to his bed. And having by this exact solution obtained the victory, he slew the monster, and, laying the carcass upon an ass, led her away in triumph; and upon this he was, according to the agreement, made King of Thebes.

The Sirens, or Pleasures.

The Sirens are said to be the daughters of *Achelous* and *Terpsichore*, one of the Muses. In their early days they had wings, but lost them upon being conquered by the Muses, with whom they harshly contended; and with the feathers of these wings the Muses made themselves crowns, so that from this time the Muses wore wings on their heads, excepting only the mother of the Sirens.

These Sirens resided in certain pleasant islands, and when from their watch-tower they saw any ship approaching, they first detained the sailors by their music, then, enticing them to shore, destroyed them.

Their singing was not of one and the same kind, but they adapted their tunes exactly to the nature of each person, in order to captivate and secure him. And so destructive had they been that these islands of the Sirens appeared, to a very great distance, white with the bones of their unburied captives.

Two different remedies were invented to protect persons against them—the one by *Ulysses*, the other by *Orpheus*. *Ulysses* commanded his associates to stop their ears close with wax, and he, determining to make the trial and yet avoid the danger, ordered himself to be tied fast to a mast of

the ship, giving strict charge not to be unbound even though himself should entreat it ; but Orpheus, without any binding at all, escaped the danger by loudly chanting to his harp the praises of the gods, whereby he drowned the voices of the Sirens.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

From Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

ACT II., SCENE VI. *The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further : O, I die for food ! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orlando. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death awhile at the arm's end : I will here be with thee presently ; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou lookest cheerily, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air : come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam !

[Exeunt.]

ACT II., SCENE VII. *The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords, like outlaws.

Duke senior. I think he be transform'd into a beast ; For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence : Here was he merry, hearing of a song.



ORLANDO AND ADAM.

(From a print in the "Boydell" Shakespeare.)

Duke senior. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him : tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke senior. Why, how now, monsieur ! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company ?
What, you look merrily !

Jaques. A fool, a fool ! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool : a miserable world !
As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms and yet a motley fool.
" Good morrow, fool," quoth I. " No, sir," quoth he,
" Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune :"
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, " It is ten o'clock :"
Thus we may see," quoth he, " how the world wags :
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear.

Duke senior. What fool is this ?

Jaques. O worthy fool ! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool !
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke senior. Thou shalt have one.

* * * * *

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orlando. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orlando. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke senior. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orlando. You touch'd my vein at first : the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say :
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke senior. What would you have? Your gentleness should
force

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orlando. I almost die for food ; and let me have it.

Duke senior. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you :
I thought that all things had been savage here ;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke senior. True is it that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church
 And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness
 And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 And give it food. There is an old man,
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,
 Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke senior. Go find him out,
 And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orlando. I thank ye ; and be blest for your good comfort !

Duke senior. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy : [Exit.
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players ;
 They have their exits and their entrances :
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke senior. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden
And let him feed.

Orlando. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke senior. Welcome ; fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Amiens. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho ! sing, etc.

Duke senior. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke
 That loved your father : the residue of your fortune,
 Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE DEATH OF DUNCAN.

*From Shakespeare's "Macbeth."*ACT II., SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant*]
 Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw:
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody-business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep.

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Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives :
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me
 bold ;
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark ! Peace !
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores ; I have drugg'd their possets
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there ? what, ho !

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
 And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter MACBETH.

My husband !

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
"Murder!"

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them :
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M.

Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M.

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care ;
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast"—

Lady M.

What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house :
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there : go carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb.

I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M.

Infirm of purpose,
Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;
 For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
 How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
 What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
 At the south entry : retire we to our chamber :
 A little water clears us of this deed :
 How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark ! more
 knocking.
 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou could'st !

[*Exeunt.*]

THE ONE AND THE FIFTY-THREE.

An account of the fight of Sir Richard Grenville on board the "Revenge" in the year 1591, taken from "A Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Isle of Azores" by Walter Raleigh (1552-1618).

THE Lord Thomas Howard, with six of Her Majesty's ships riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westernly islands of the Azores, had intelligence by one Captain

Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballasts for their ships, others filling of water, and refreshing themselves with such things as they could either for money or by force recover; our ships being all pestered and everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand that our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors; but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. . . . But Sir Richard Grenville utterly refused to turn from the enemies, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ships, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and force those of Seville to give him way. . . . The other course was the better, and might well have been answered, in so great an impossibility of prevailing; notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.

The fight, thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon, continued very terribly all that evening. The great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with cross-bow shot, shifted herself with all diligence, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the com-

manders and some few gentlemen. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the seas.

After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the armada sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard Grenville was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. . . . Others affirm that he was never so wounded as to forsake the upper deck till an hour before midnight, and then, being shot into the body with a musket as he was dressing, was again shot in the head, and his surgeon withal wounded to death.

But to return to the fight. The Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides, so that ere the morning, from three of the clock of the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her. . . . But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more, by so much more grew our discomforts.

All the powder of the *Revenge*, to the last barrel, was now spent, all their pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and four score and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast—a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army.

The Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto us there remained no comfort at all, no hope,

no supply either of ships, men, or weapons: her masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed; and, in sooth, evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overboard, either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, commanded the master-gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing that in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail to perform it withal; and persuaded the company or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves to God, and to the mercy of none else, but, as they like valiant resolute men repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master-gunner readily consented, and divers others; but the captain and master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer up the same.

The common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master-gunner, it being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master-gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with his sword had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the (Spanish) General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the general* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bazan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with

* I.e., the chief ship of the Spanish fleet.

blood and bodies of dead and wounded men, like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not; and as he was being carried out of the ship he swooned, and, recovering again, desired the company to pray for him.

The *Admiral* and the *Ascension* of Seville were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge*; one other regained the Road of St. Michael, and there sank also; a fourth ran herself on the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day, aboard the general, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it had burial in the sea or on the land, we know not; the comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honourably, in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and that, being dead, he hath not out-lived his own honour.*

A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish ships, there arose so great a storm from the west and north-west that all the fleet was scattered together with the *Revenge*; and in her two hundred Spaniards were cast away upon the Isle of St. Michael. So it pleased them to honour the burial of that renowned ship the *Revenge*, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honour she achieved in her lifetime.

* Raleigh does not report Grenville's last words, which are to be found in an account of a voyage to India by a Dutch navigator: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do." In Tennyson's "Revenge" it runs:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die."

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.*

Athens. A garden, with a castle in the background.

Enter PALAMON and ARCITE, above.

Palamon. How do you, noble cousin?

Arcite.

How do you, sir?

Palamon. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners,
I fear, for ever, cousin.

Arcite.

I believe it;

And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Palamon.

O, cousin Arcite,

Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now—
Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore—
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;

* This extract is taken from a play with this title by two Elizabethan writers—one John Fletcher, the other supposed to be Shakespeare. The story of the play is taken from Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," which tells how two Theban princes, Palamon and Arcite, became prisoners of war to Theseus, Duke of Athens, and while in captivity fell in love with Emilia, the sister-in-law of the Duke, as is here related. After various adventures their quarrel is decided by a tournament, in which the party of Arcite is victorious. Palamon is doomed to die, but before he meets his death Arcite is thrown from his horse, dies of his injuries, and his cousin receives the bride.

These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more !

Arcite.

No, Palamon,

Those hopes are prisoners with us : here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring ; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried ;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Shall never clasp our necks ; no issue know us,
No figure of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
" Remember what your fathers were, and conquer !"
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature : this is all our world,
We shall know nothing here but one another ;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes ;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it ;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Palamon. 'Tis too true, *Arcite*. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we holla ; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts : all valiant uses—
The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish ; we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arcite.

Yet, cousin,

Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison !

Palamon.

Certainly.

'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twinn'd together: 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not, say they could:
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arcite. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Palamon.

How, gentle cousin?

Arcite. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men:
We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Palamon.

You've made me—

I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks: I find the court here,

I'm sure, a more content ; and all those pleasures
 That woo the wills of men to vanity
 I see through now ; and am sufficient
 To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
 That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him,
 What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
 The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
 Shall I say more?

Arcite. I'd hear you still.

Palamon. Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
 Better than we do, Arcite?

Arcite. Sure, there cannot.

Palamon. I do not think it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.

Arcite. Till our deaths it cannot ;
 And after death our spirits shall be led,
 To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

Enter EMILIA and her WOMAN below.

Emilia. This garden has a world of pleasures in 't.
 What flower is this?

Woman. 'Tis called Narcissus, madam.

Emilia. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
 To love himself: were there not maids enough?

Arcite. Pray, forward.

Palamon. Yes.

Emilia. Or were they all hard-hearted?

Woman. They could not be to one so fair.

Emilia. Thou wouldst not

Woman. I think I should not, madam.

Emilia. That's a good wench!
 But take heed to your kindness though!

Woman. Why, madam?

Emilia. Men are mad things.

Arcite. Will ye go forward, cousin?

Emilia. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?

Woman. Yes.

Emilia. I have a gown full of 'em ; and of these ;

This is a pretty colour : will 't not do

Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

Woman. Dainty, madam.

Arcite. Cousin, cousin ! how do you, sir? Why, Palamon !

Palamon. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

Arcite. Why, what's the matter, man?

Palamon. Behold, and wonder !

By Heaven, she is a goddess !

Arcite. Ha !

Palamon. Do reverence ;

She is a goddess, Arcite !

Emilia. Of all flowers,

Methinks, a rose is best.

Woman. Why, gentle madam?

Emilia. It is the very emblem of a maid :

For when the west wind courts her gently,

How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

With her chaste blushes ! when the north comes near her,

Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

And leaves him to base briers.

Arcite. She's wondrous fair !

Palamon. She's all the beauty extant.

Emilia. The sun grows high ; let's walk in. Keep these flowers.

We'll see how near art can come near their colours.

I'm wondrous merry-hearted ; I could laugh now.

[*Exeunt Emilia and Woman.*]

Palamon. What think you of this beauty?

Arcite. 'Tis a rare one.

Palamon. Is 't but a rare one?

Arcite. Yes, a matchless beauty.

Palamon. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

Arcite. I cannot tell what you have done ; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for 't ! Now I feel my shackles.

Palamon. You love her, then?

Arcite. Who would not?

Palamon.

And desire her?

Arcite. Before my liberty.

Palamon. I saw her first.

Arcite.

That's nothing.

Palamon.

But it shall be

Arcite. I saw her too.

Palamon.

Yes ; but you must not love her.

Arcite. I will not, as you do, to worship her,

As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess ;

I love her as a woman, to possess her :

So both may love.

Palamon. You shall not love at all.

Arcite. Not love at all ! Who shall deny me ?

Palamon. I, that first saw her ; I, that took possession

First with mine eye of all those beauties in her

Reveals to mankind. If thou lovest her,

Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,

Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow

False as thy title to her : friendship, blood,

And all the ties between us, I disclaim,

If thou once think upon her !

Arcite.

Yes, I love her ;

And if the lives of all my name lay on it,

I must do so ; I love her with my soul.

If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon !

I say again, I love ; and, in loving her, maintain

I am as worthy and as free a lover,

And have as just a title to her beauty,

As any Palamon, or any living

That is a man's son.

Palamon. Have I called thee, friend ?

Arcite. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you moved thus ?

Let me deal coldly with you : am not I

Part of your blood, part of your soul ? You've told me

That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

Palamon. Yes.

Arcite. Am not I liable to those affections,

Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer ?

Palamon. Ye may be.

Arcite. Why, then, would ye deal so cunningly,

So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Palamon.

No; but unjust

If thou pursue that sight.

Arcite.

Because another

First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

Palamon. Yes, if he be but one.

Arcite.

But say that one

Had rather combat me?

Palamon.

Let that one say so,

And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursu'st her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!

Arcite.

You are mad.

Palamon.

I must be.

Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me;
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arcite.

Fie, sir!

You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.

Palamon.

Oh, that now, that now

Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands! I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse:

Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to 't!

Arcite. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble:

Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Palamon. No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd its noon.

Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick (1591-1634)

THE NIGHT PIECE.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o' th' Wisp mislight thee ;
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
 What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number.

Robert Herrick

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.*

From the "Samson Agonistes" of John Milton (1608-1674).

Enter a Messenger to MANOAH.

Mess. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed ! Oh, all my hopes defeated
 To free him hence ! but death, who sets all free,
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
 Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
 How died he ? death to life is crown or shame.
 All by him fell, thou say'st ; by whom fell he ?
 What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter, then, or how ? Explain.

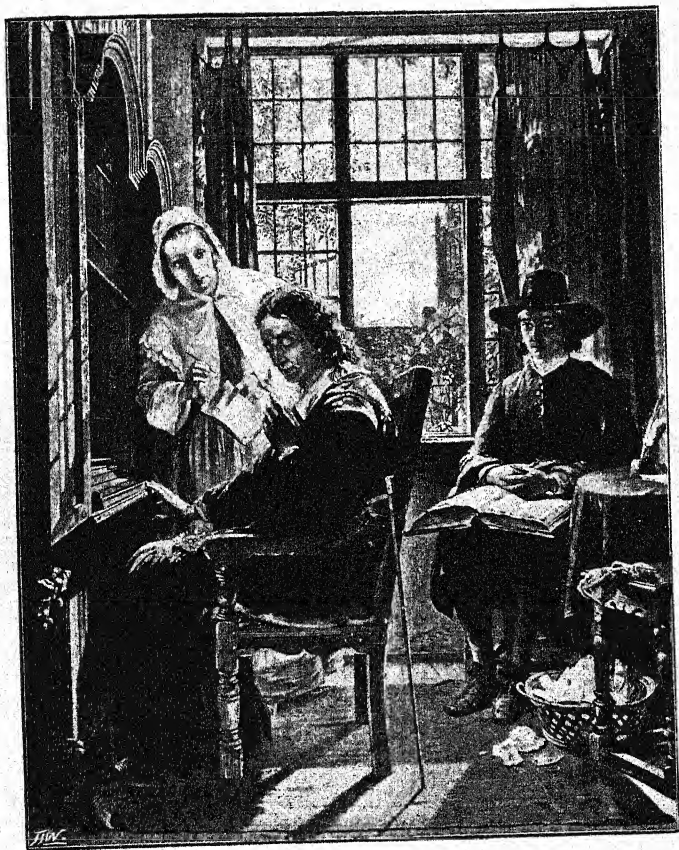
Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence ? what cause
 Brought him so soon at variance with himself
 Among his foes ?

Mess. Inevitable cause
 At once both to destroy and be destroyed :
 The edifice, where all were met to see him,
 Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
 More than enough we know ; but, while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct.

* See Judges xvi. 23-31.



MILTON DICTATING "SAMSON AGONISTES."

(From the picture by J. C. Horsley, R.A., by permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co.)

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumoured, that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games ;
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats, where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold ;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand ;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad ; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,* and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eyes might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed,
All with incredible stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested,
For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.

* Men and horses in armour.

He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
 And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved :
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :
 " Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :
 Now of my own accord such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater :
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
 This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ;
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder.
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility, and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson, with these inmixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

Chorus. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !
 Living or dying, thou hast fulfilled
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now liest victorious
 Among thy slain, self-killed
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined
 Thee with thy slaughtered foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

1 Semi-chorus. While their hearts were jocund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo His bright sanctuary :

Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweeingly importuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fallen into wrath Divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semi-chorus.* But he, though blind of sight,
 Despised and thought extinguished quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue, given for lost,
 Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,
 Like that self-begotten bird*
 In the Arabian woods imboist,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teemed ;
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deemed ;
 And though her body die, her fame survives
 A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause : Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully revenged ; hath left them years of mourning,

* The Phoenix. (See Mandeville's account, p. 31.)

And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor*
Through all Philistian bounds. To Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
To himself and father's house eternal fame ;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies,
Soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house : there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inrolled
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high .
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,

* The Philistines are called the sons of Caphtor because they are said to have come originally from the island of Caphtor, or Crete.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

And to His faithful champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent ;
 His servants He, with new acquist
 Of true experience from this great event,
 With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide ;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light-denied ?"
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies : "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts ; who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

John Milton.

STOURBRIDGE FAIR.

From the "Tour through the Eastern Counties of England, 1722," by Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

If it is a diversion worthy of a book to treat of trifles, such as the gaiety of Bury Fair,* it cannot be very unpleasant, especially to the trading part of the world, to say something of this fair, which is not only the greatest in the whole nation, but in the world; nor, if I may believe those who have seen it, is the fair at Leipzig in Saxony, the mart at Frankfort-on-the-Main, or the fairs at Nuremberg, or Augsburg, any way to compare to this fair at Stourbridge.

It is kept in a large corn-field, near Casterton, extending from the side of the river Cam, towards the road, for about half a mile square.

If the husbandmen who rent the land do not get their corn off before a certain day in August, the fair-keepers may trample it under foot and spoil it to build their booths, or tents, for all the fair is kept in tents and booths. On the other hand, to balance that severity, if the fair-keepers have not done their business of the fair, and removed and cleared the field by another certain day in September, the ploughman may come in again, with plough and cart, and overthrow all and trample it into the dirt; and as for the filth, straw, etc., necessarily left by the fair-keepers, the quantity of which is very great, it is the farmers' fees, and makes them full amends for the trampling, riding, and carting upon, and hardening the ground.

It is impossible to describe all the parts and circumstances of this fair exactly: the shops are placed in rows like streets, whereof one is called Cheapside, and here, as in several other streets, are all sorts of trades, who sell by retail, and

* Of which the author gives an account in an earlier part of his book.

who come principally from London with their goods. Scarce any trades are omitted—goldsmiths, toyshops, braziers, turners, milliners, haberdashers, hatters, mercers, drapers, pewterers, china-warehouses, and, in a word, all trades that can be named in London; with coffee-houses, taverns, brandy-shops, and eating-houses innumerable, and all in tents and booths, as above.

This great street reaches from the road which goes from Cambridge to Newmarket, turning short out of it to the right towards the river, and holds in a line near half a mile quite down to the riverside; in another street parallel with the road are like rows of booths, but larger, and more intermingled with wholesale dealers; and one side, passing out of this last street to the left hand, is a formal great square, formed by the largest booths, built in that form, which they call the Duddery. Whence the name is derived, and what its signification is, I could never yet learn, though I made all possible search into it.* The area of this square is about 80 to 100 yards, where the dealers have room before every booth to take down, and open their packs, and to bring in waggons to load and unload.

This place is separated and peculiar to the wholesale dealers in the woollen manufacture. Here the booths or tents are of a vast extent, have different apartments, being as vast warehouses piled up with goods to the top. In this Duddery, as I have been informed, there have been sold one hundred thousand pounds' worth of woollen manufactures in less than a week's time, besides the prodigious trade carried on here, by wholesale men from London, and all parts of England, who transact their business wholly in pocket-books, and, meeting their chapmen from all parts, make up their accounts, receive money chiefly in bills, and take orders.

Here are clothiers from Halifax, Leeds, Wakefield and Huddersfield in Yorkshire; and from Rochdale, Bury, etc.

* Origin still unknown (Murray). Compare the slang use of "duds" for clothes.

in Lancashire; with vast quantities of Yorkshire cloths, kerseys, pennistons, cottons, etc.; with all sorts of Manchester ware, fustians, and things made of cotton-wool, of which the quantity is so great that they told me there were near a thousand horse-packs of such goods from that side of the country, and these took up a side and a half of the Duddery at least; also a part of a street of booths was taken up with upholsterer's ware, such as tickings, sackings, Kidderminster stuffs, blankets, rugs, quilts, etc.

In the Duddery I saw one warehouse, or booth, with six apartments in it, all belonging to a dealer in Norwich stuffs only, and who, they said, had there above twenty thousand pounds' value in these goods and no other.

Western goods had their share here also, and several booths were filled as full with serges, duroys, druggets, shalloons, cantaloons, Devonshire kerseys, etc., from Exeter, Taunton, Bristol and other parts West; and some from London also.

But all this is still outdone—at least in show—by two articles which are the peculiars of this fair, and do not begin till the other part of the fair—that is to say, for the woollen manufacture—begins to draw to a close. These are the wool and the hops. As for the hops, there is scarce any price fixed for hops in England till they know how they sell at Stourbridge Fair. The quantity that appears in the fair is indeed prodigious, and they, as it were, possess a large part of the field on which the fair is kept to themselves; they are brought from Chelmsford in Essex, from Canterbury and Maidstone in Kent, and from Farnham in Surrey, besides what are brought from London, the growth of those and other places.

To attend this fair, and the prodigious conflux of people which come to it, there are sometimes no less than fifty hackney coaches which come from London and ply night and morning to carry the people to and from Cambridge, for there the gross of the people lodge—nay, which is still more

strange, there are wherries brought from London on waggons to ply upon the little river Cam, and to row people up and down from the town, and from the fair as occasion presents.

It is not to be wondered at if the town of Cambridge cannot receive or entertain the numbers of people that come to this fair. Not Cambridge only, but the towns round are full ; nay, the very barns and stables are turned into inns, and made as fit as they can to lodge the poorer sort of people. As for the people in the fair, they all universally eat, drink and sleep in their booths and tents; and the said booths are so intermingled with taverns, coffee-houses, drinking-houses, eating-houses, cook-shops, etc., and all in tents too—and many butchers and higglers* from all the neighbouring counties come into the fair every morning with beef, mutton, fowls, butter, bread, cheese, eggs, and such things, and go with them from tent to tent, from door to door, that there is no want of any provisions of any kind, either dressed or undressed.

In a word, the fair is like a well-fortified city, and there is the least disorder and confusion, I believe, that can be seen anywhere with so great a concourse of people.

Towards the latter end of the fair, and when the great hurry of wholesale business begins to be over, the gentry come in from all parts of the county round; and though they come for their diversion, yet it is not a little money they lay out, which generally falls to the share of the retailers—such as toy-shops, goldsmiths, braziers, iron-mongers, turners, milliners, mercers, etc.; and some loose coins they reserve for the puppet-shows, drolls, rope-dancers, and such like, of which there is no want, though not considerable like the rest. The last day of the fair is the horse-fair, where the whole is closed with both horse and foot races, to divert the people. Thus ends the whole fair; and in less than a week more there is scarce any sign left that there has been such a thing there, except by the heaps of dung and straw and other rubbish which is left behind,

* Hawkers.

trod into the earth, and which is as good as a summer's fallow for dunging the land, and, as I have said above, pays the husbandmen well for the use of it.

I should have mentioned that here is a Court of Justice always open, and held every day in a shed built on purpose in the fair; this is for keeping the peace and deciding controversies in matters deriving from the business of the fair.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

From the Sir Roger de Coverley papers written by Joseph Addison (1672-1719) in the "Spectator," a periodical which he published in conjunction with Sir Richard Steele.

I.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet; his name is Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only, as he thinks, the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him.

He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in

his behaviour that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the *quorum*, that he fills the chair at a quarter sessions with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

II.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former it ought to be entirely neglected, but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and goodwill which are paid him by everyone that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us; and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that hath a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and quali-

fied to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week, and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges that he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend, Sir Roger, heard them both upon a round trot, and, after having paused some time, told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it; upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them, who, for his reputation in the county, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend, Sir Roger, was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the county.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most, at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir

Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door, so that "The Knight's Head" had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything about it. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour to any man under a duke, but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into "The Saracen's Head." I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought back last night, with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon seeing this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in the most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could and replied that "much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

GOLDSMITH'S "POOR PARSON."

From "The Deserted Village," by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE MAN IN BLACK.

From Oliver Goldsmith's "Miscellaneous Essays."

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy with only a few. The Man in Black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies, and he may be justly termed a humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence ; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his

heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature, but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference, but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. "In every parish-house," says he, "the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on: they want no more; I desire no more myself. Yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of the magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences. Let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief."

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being pre-

possessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me, but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black. I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride I pretended to look another way, and he seized the opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued as we proceeded to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before. He threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar-men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should

take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches, but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but, soon recollecting himself, and presenting the whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued had not attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding. His vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The

misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony of his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hand his shilling's worth of matches.

THE GREAT LEXICOGRAPHER.

*Extracts from James Boswell's "Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson,"
published in 1791.*

Johnson at Oxford.—That a man in Mr. Michael Johnson's circumstances should think of sending his son to the expensive University at Oxford at his own charge seems very improbable. The subject was too delicate to question Johnson upon, but I have been assured by Dr. Taylor that the scheme never would have taken place had not a gentleman of Shropshire, one of his schoolfellows, spontaneously undertaken to support him at Oxford in the character of his companion, though, in fact, he never received any assistance whatever from that gentleman.

He, however, went to Oxford, and was entered a commoner of Pembroke College on October 31, 1728, being then in his nineteenth year.

The Rev. Dr. Adams, who afterwards presided over Pembroke College with universal esteem, told me he was present, and gave me some account of what passed on the night of Johnson's arrival at Oxford. On that evening his father, who had anxiously accompanied him, found means to have him introduced to Mr. Jorden, who was to be his tutor.

His father seemed very full of the merits of his son, and told the company he was a good scholar and a poet, and

wrote Latin verses. His figure and manner appeared strange to them; but he behaved modestly, and sat silent till, upon something which occurred in the course of conversation, he suddenly struck in and quoted Macrobius. And thus he gave the first impression of that more extensive reading in which he had indulged himself.

His tutor, Mr. Jorden, Fellow of Pembroke, was not, it seems, a man of such abilities as we should conceive requisite for the instructor of Samuel Johnson, who gave me the following account of him: "He was a very worthy man, but a heavy man, and I did not profit much by his instructions. Indeed, I did not attend him much. The first day after I came to college I waited upon him, and then stayed away four. On the sixth Mr. Jorden asked me why I had not attended. I answered I had been sliding in Christ Church meadow; and this I said with as much nonchalance as I am now talking to you. I had no notion that I was wrong or irreverent to my tutor." BOSWELL: "That, sir, was great fortitude of mind." JOHNSON: "No, sir; stark insensibility."

Res Angusta Domi.—Being himself a poet, Johnson was peculiarly happy in mentioning how many of the sons of Pembroke were poets, adding, with a smile of sportive triumph: "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds!"

He was not, however, blind to what he thought the defects of his own college, and I have, from the information of Dr. Taylor, a very strong instance of that rigid honesty which he ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained his father's consent to be entered of Pembroke that he might be with his schoolfellow Johnson, with whom, though some years older than himself, he was very intimate. This would have been a great comfort to Johnson, but he fairly told Taylor that he could not, in conscience, suffer him to enter where he could not have an able tutor. He then made inquiry all round the University, and, having found

that Mr. Bateman, of Christ Church, was the tutor of highest reputation, Taylor was entered of that college. Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent that Johnson used to come and get them second-hand from Taylor till, his poverty being so extreme that his shoes were worn out and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ Church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation. How must we feel when we read such an anecdote of Samuel Johnson!

The *res angusta domi* prevented him from having the advantage of a complete academical education. The friend to whom he had trusted for support had deceived him. His debts in college, though not great, were increasing; and his scanty remittances from Lichfield, which had all along been made with great difficulty, could be supplied no longer, his father having fallen into a state of insolvency. Compelled, therefore, by irresistible necessity, he left the college in autumn, 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years.

Arrival in London.—Johnson now* thought of trying his fortune in London, the great field of genius and exertion, where talents of every kind have the fullest scope and the highest encouragement. It is a memorable circumstance that his pupil, David Garrick, went thither at the same time, with intent to complete his education and follow the profession of the law, from which he was soon diverted by his decided preference for the stage.

How he employed himself upon his first coming to London is not particularly known.† He had a little money

* After being engaged for some time as a schoolmaster.

† One curious anecdote was communicated by himself to Mr. John Nichols. Mr. Wilcox, the bookseller, on being informed by him that

when he came to town, and he knew how he could live in the cheapest manner. His first lodgings were at the house of a Mr. Norris, in Exeter Street, adjoining Catherine Street in the Strand. "I dined," said he, "very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the Pineapple, in New Street, just by. Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day, but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny, so that I was quite well served—nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." He at this time, I believe, abstained entirely from fermented liquors—a practice to which he rigidly conformed for many years together at different periods of his life.

His *Ofellus* in the "Art of Living in London,"* I have heard him relate, was an Irish painter whom he knew at Birmingham, and who had practised his own precepts of economy for several years in the British capital. He assured Johnson—who, I suppose, was then meditating to try his fortune in London, but was apprehensive of the expense—"that thirty pounds a year was enough to enable a man to live there without being contemptible. He allowed ten pounds for clothes and linen. He said a man might live in a garret at eighteen-pence a week; few people would inquire where he lodged, and if they did it was easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence in a coffee-house he might for some hours every day be in very good company; he might dine for sixpence, breakfast on bread-and-milk for a penny, and do without supper. On *clean-shirt day* he went abroad and paid visits."

his intention was to get his livelihood as an author, eyed his robust frame attentively, and with a significant look, said, "You had better buy a porter's knot." He however added, "Wilcox was one of my best friends."

* One of Johnson's essays.

I have heard him more than once talk of his frugal friend, whom he recollected with esteem and kindness, and did not like to have one smile at the recital. "This man," said he gravely, "was a very sensible man, who perfectly understood common affairs; a man of a great deal of knowledge of the world, fresh from life, not strained through books."

Considering Johnson's narrow circumstances in the early part of his life, and particularly at the interesting era of his launching into the ocean of London, it is not to be wondered at that an actual instance, proved by experience, of the possibility of enjoying the intellectual luxury of social life upon a very small income, should deeply engage his attention, and be ever recollected by him as a circumstance of much importance. He amused himself, I remember, by computing how much more expense was absolutely necessary to live upon the same scale with that which his friend described when the value of money was diminished by the progress of commerce. It may be estimated that double the money might now with difficulty be sufficient.

Amidst this cold obscurity there was one brilliant circumstance to cheer him : he was well acquainted with Mr. Henry Hervey, one of the branches of the noble family of that name who had been quartered at Lichfield as an officer of the army, and had at this time a house in London where Johnson was frequently entertained and had an opportunity of meeting genteel company. Not very long before his death he mentioned this among other particulars of his life which he was kindly communicating to me, and he described this early friend, "Harry Hervey," thus : "He was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey I shall love him."

Dr. Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

February 7, 1775.

MY LORD,

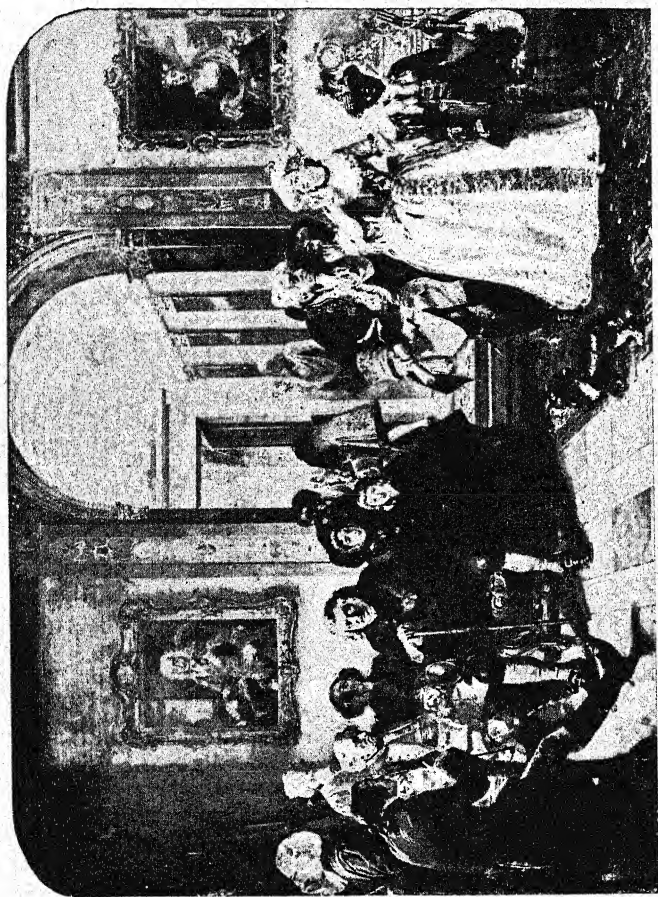
I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in "Virgil" grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern



DOCTOR JOHNSON IN THE ANTEROOM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.
(From the picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., by permission of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery.)

on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord, your lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Boswell's meeting with Johnson.—On Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting advancing towards us—he announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of *Horatio*, when he addresses *Hamlet* on the appearance of his father's ghost: "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me.

Mr. Davies mentioned my name and respectfully intro-

duced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland," cried Davies roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky, for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country, and, as if I had said that I had come away from it or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help."

This stroke stunned me a good deal, and when we had sat down I felt myself not a little embarrassed and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams because he knows the house will be full and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."

Perhaps I deserved this check, for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortu-

nately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. . . .

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly, so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."

Ursa Major.—The late Alexander, Earl of Eglintoune, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration of Johnson, but from the remarkable elegance of his manners was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behaviour. One evening about this time, when his lordship did me the honour to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement and lived more in polished society. "No, no, my lord," said Signor Baretto; "do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear." "True," answered the Earl, with a smile, "but he would have been a *dancing* bear."

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice by applying to him the epithet of a *bear*, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner, but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*"

"**The Vicar of Wakefield.**"—"I received one morning," Johnson told me, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

THE SEEING EYE.

Extracts from Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne"
(1789).

Hedgehogs.—Hedgehogs abound in my gardens and fields. The manner in which they eat the roots of the plantain in my grass-walks is very curious: with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the leaves untouched. In this respect they are serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed; but they deface the walks in some measure by digging little round holes. It appears that beetles are no inconsiderable part of their food.

In June last I procured four or five young hedgehogs, which appeared to be about five or six days old; they, I

find, like puppies, are born blind, and could not see when they came to my hands. No doubt their spines are soft and flexible at the time of their birth; but it is plain they soon harden, for these little pigs had such stiff prickles on their backs and sides as would easily have fetched blood had they not been handled with caution.

Their spines are quite white at this age, and they have little hanging ears, which I do not remember to be discernible in the old ones. They can, in part, at this age draw their skin down over their faces, but are not able to contract themselves into a ball, as they do, for the sake of defence, when full grown. The reason, I suppose, is because the curious muscle that enables the creatures to roll up in a ball has not then arrived at its full tone and firmness. Hedgehogs make a deep and warm hybernaculum with leaves and moss, in which they conceal themselves for the winter; but I never could find that they stored in any winter provision, as some quadrupeds certainly do.

The Peacock's Train.—Happening to make a visit to my neighbour's peacocks, I could not help observing that the trains of those magnificent birds appear by no means to be their tails—those long feathers growing all up their backs. A range of short stiff brown feathers, about six inches long, is the real tail, and serves as the fulcrum to prop the train, which is long and top-heavy when set on end. When the train is up nothing appears of the bird before but its head and neck. By a strong muscular vibration these birds can make the shafts of their long feathers clatter like the swords of a sword-dancer; they then trample very quick with their feet and run backwards.

Do Swallows Migrate?—As a gentleman and myself were walking on the 4th of last November round the sea-banks at Newhaven, near the mouth of the Lewes River, in pursuit of natural knowledge, we were surprised to see three

house-swallows gliding very swiftly by us. That morning was rather chilly, with the wind at north-west, but the tenor of the weather for some time had been delicate, and the noons remarkably warm. From this incident and from repeated accounts which I met with I am more and more inclined to believe that many of the swallow kind do not depart from this island, but lay themselves up in holes and caverns, and do, insect-like and bat-like, come forth at mild times and then retire again to their hiding-places.

Nor make I the least doubt but that if I lived at New-haven, Seaford, Brighthelmstone,* or any of those towns near the chalk cliffs of the Sussex coast, by proper observations I should see swallows stirring at periods of the winter when the noons are soft and invigorating. And I am the more of this opinion, from what I have remarked during some of our late springs, that though some swallows did make their appearance about the usual time—viz., the 13th or 14th of April—yet, meeting with a harsh reception and blustering cold north-east winds, they immediately withdrew, absconding for several days till the weather gave them better encouragement.

Gossamer.—On September 21, 1741, being then on a visit and intent on field diversions, I rose before daybreak. When I came into the enclosures, I found the stubbles and clover grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully that the whole face of the country seemed, as it were, covered with two or three setting-nets drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were blinded and hoodwinked that they could not proceed, but were obliged to lie down and scrape the incumbrances from their faces with their fore-feet, so that, finding my sport interrupted, I returned home musing in my mind on the oddness of the occurrence.

* The old name for Brighton.

Crisis

and convulsed with earthquakes, and about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway. On this occasion Milton's noble simile of the sun, in his first book of "Paradise Lost," frequently occurred to my mind; and it is indeed particularly applicable, because, towards the end, it alludes to a superstitious kind of dread with which the minds of men are always impressed by such strange and unusual phenomena.

" . . . As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. . . ."

ROBIN HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years!
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you ;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold ;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent :
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din ;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "greenë shawe" ;*
All are gone away and past !
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfèd grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze :
He would swear ; for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas ;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is : yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bowstring !
Honour to the bugle-horn !
Honour to the woods unshorn !
Honour to the Lincoln green !
Honour to the archer keen !

* The greenwood

A THING OF BEAUTY

Honour to tight Little John,
 And the horse he rode upon !
 Honour to bold Robin Hood,
 Sleeping in the underwood !
 Honour to Maid Marian,
 And to all the Sherwood-clan !
 Though their days have hurried by
 Let us two a burden try.

John Keats (1795-1821).

A THING OF BEAUTY.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid forest brake
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

From John Keats' "Endymion."

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen :
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

John Keats.

I STOOD TIPTOE.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds, which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wand'ring for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending ;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels : I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started ;
So I straightway began to pluck a posy
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.

John Keats.

THE GENTLE ELIA.

From "*The Essays of Elia*," by Charles Lamb (1775-1834.)

Oxford in Vacation.—I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks at as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed, I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bedmakers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtesy as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own—the tall trees of Christ's,* the groves of Magdalen. The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived and pay a *devoir* to some founder, or noble or royal benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their overlooked beads-man, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality—the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-

* Lamb means, of course, Christ Church.

places, cordial recesses, ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago, and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple. . . .

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride* and solace me are the repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians were reposing here, as in some dormitory or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Lovel.—Salt† never knew what he was worth in the world; and, having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of everything. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in anything without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master if L. could ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty; a good fellow withal, and “would

* Please.

† Samuel Salt, one of the “Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,” to whom Charles Lamb’s father acted as manservant.

strike." In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents.

L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage-boards, and such small cabinet toys to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and was just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Izaak Walton would have chosen to go a-fishing with.

I saw him in his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—"a remnant most forlorn of what he was"—yet even then his eye would light up upon the mention of his favourite, Garrick. . . . At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was "her own bairn." And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

Chimney Sweeps.—I like to meet a sweep—understand me, not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not

quite effaced from the cheek, such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep-peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks, poor blots, innocent blacknesses.

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! To see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that, "Now, surely, he must be lost for ever!"—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight, and then (O fulness of delight!), running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly, not much unlike the old stage direction in "Macbeth," where the "Apparition of child crowned with a tree in his hand rises."

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him twopence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.*

* Sixpence.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

I.

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence stricken multitudes : O, thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O hear !

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst ; O hear !

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : O hear !

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest hear,
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O, uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O, wind,
If winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822).

THERE IS A PLEASURE.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain

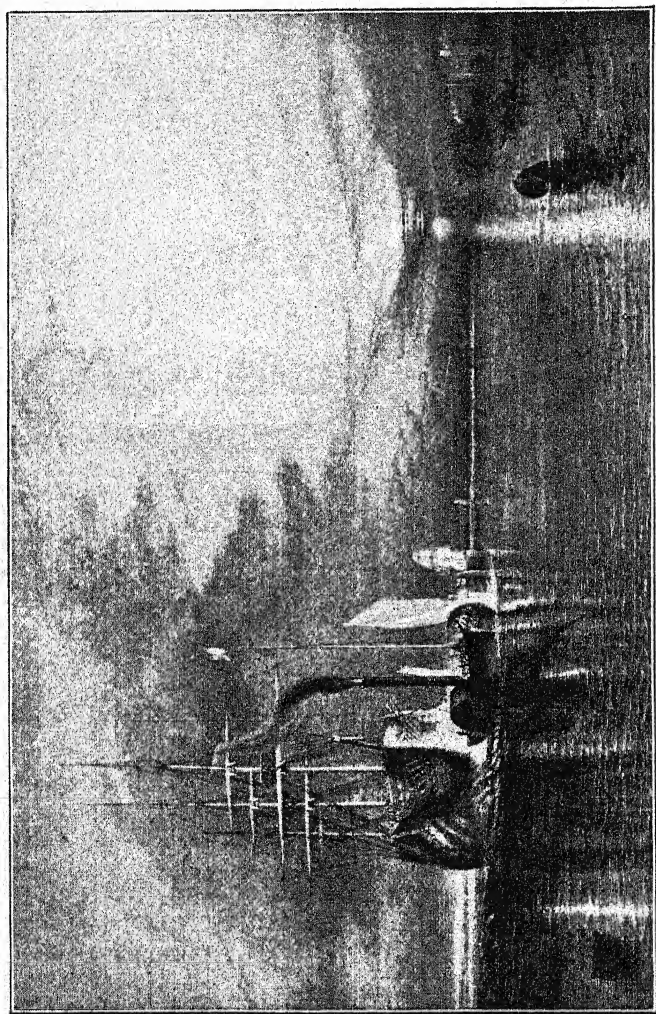
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 *And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts ;—not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,



THE "TEMERAIRE" TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH.
(From the picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., in the National Gallery.)

The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

From "Childe Harold," by Lord Byron (1788-1824).

THE WANDERER.

IT was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth, coming from the north-eastward, approached the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near to the royal Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the background over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded. These woodlands comprised a noble chase, or royal park, fenced by an enclosure, termed in the Latin of the Middle Ages *Plexitium*, which gives the name of Plessis to so many villages in France. The castle and the village of which we particularly speak was called Plessis-les-Tours to distinguish it from others, and was built about two miles to the southward of the fair town of that name, the capital of ancient Touraine, whose rich plain has been termed the Garden of France.

On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to

that which the traveller was approaching, two men, who appeared in deep conversation, seemed from time to time to watch his motions ; for, as their station was much more elevated, they could remark him at a considerable distance.

The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was a sojourner. His short gray cloak and hose were rather of Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet with a single sprig of holly and an eagle's feather was already recognised as the Scottish head-gear. His dress was very neat, and arranged with the precision of a youth conscious of possessing a fine person. He had at his back a satchel, which seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawking gauntlet on his left hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right a stout hunter's pole. Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf, which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks' food and other matters belonging to that much-admired sport. This was crossed by another shoulder-belt, to which was hung a hunting-knife, or *couteau de chasse*. Instead of the boots of the period he wore buskins of half-dressed deer's skin.

Although his form had not yet attained its full strength, he was tall and active, and the lightness of the step with which he advanced showed that his pedestrian mode of travelling was pleasure rather than pain to him. His complexion was fair in spite of a general shade of darker hue with which the foreign sun, or perhaps constant exposure to the atmosphere in his own country, had, in some degree, embrowned it.

His features, without being quite regular, were frank, open and pleasing. A half smile, which seemed to arise from a happy exuberance of animal spirits, showed now and then that his teeth were well set and as pure as ivory, whilst his bright blue eye, with a corresponding gaiety, had an

appropriate glance for every object which it encountered, expressing good-humour, lightness of heart, and determined resolution.

He received and returned the salutation of the few travellers who frequented the road in those dangerous times with the action which suited each. The strolling spearman, half soldier, half brigand, measured the youth with his eye, as if balancing the prospect of booty with the chance of desperate resistance ; and read such indications of the latter in the fearless glance of the passenger that he changed his ruffian purpose for a surly " Good-morrow, comrade," which the young Scot answered with as martial, though a less sullen tone. The wandering pilgrim, or the begging friar, answered his reverend greeting with a paternal *benedicite*, and the dark-eyed peasant girl looked after him for many a step after they had passed each other and interchanged a laughing good-morrow. In short, there was an attraction about his whole appearance not easily escaping attention, and which was derived from the combination of fearless frankness and good-humour with sprightly looks and a handsome face and person. It seemed, too, as if his whole demeanour bespoke one who was entering on life with no apprehension of the evils with which it is beset, and small means for struggling with its hardships except a lively spirit and a courageous disposition ; and it is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathizes, and for whom chiefly age and experience feel affectionate and pitying interest.

The youth whom we have described had been long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which divided him from the park and the castle ; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge with the light step of a roe which visits the fountain, the younger of the two said to the other, " It is our man—it is the Bohemian ! If he attempts to cross the ford he is a lost man : the water is up, and the ford impassable."

" Let him make that discovery himself," said the elder

personage; "it may, perchance, save a rope and break a proverb."

"I judge him by the blue cap," said the other, "for I cannot see his face. Hark, sir! he hallooos to know whether the water be deep."

"Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other; "let him try."

The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without farther hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person at the same moment hallooed to him to beware, adding, in a lower tone, to his companion, "You have made another mistake: this is not the Bohemian chatterer."

But the intimation to the youth came too late. He either did not hear or could not profit by it, being already in the deep stream. To one less alert and practised in the exercises of swimming death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong.

"By Saint Anne! but he is a proper youth," said the elder man. "Run, gossip, and help your blunder by giving aid if thou canst. He belongs to thine own troop; if old saws speak truth, water will not drown him."

Indeed, the young traveller swam so strongly and buffeted the waves so well, that, notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing-place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the other followed him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, "I knew water would never drown that young fellow. By my halidome, he is ashore and grasps his pole! If I make not the more haste he will beat my gossip for the only charitable action which I ever saw him perform, or attempt to perform, in the whole course of his life."

There was some reason to augur such a conclusion of the adventure, for the bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was hastening to his assistance, with these ireful words: "Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was fit to be attempted? May the foul fiend catch me, but I will teach you the respect due to strangers on the next occasion!"

This was accompanied with that significant flourish with his pole which is called *le moulinet*, because the artist, holding it in the middle, brandishes the two ends in every direction, like the sails of a windmill in motion. His opponent, seeing himself thus menaced, laid hand upon his sword, for he was one of those who on all occasions are more ready for action than for speech; but his more considerable comrade, who came up, commanded him to forbear, and, turning to the young man, accused him in turn of precipitation in plunging into the swollen ford and of intemperate violence in quarrelling with a man who was hastening to his assistance.

The young man, on hearing himself thus reproved by a man of advanced age and respectable appearance, immediately lowered his weapon, and said he would be sorry if he had done them injustice; but, in reality, it appeared to him as if they had suffered him to put his life in peril for want of a word of timely warning, which could be the part neither of honest men nor of good Christians, far less of respectable burgesses, such as they seemed to be.

"Fair son," said the elder person, "you seem, from your accent and complexion, a stranger; and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us as perhaps it may be uttered by you."

"Well, father," answered the youth, "I do not care much about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause provided you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat decent."

"For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger in answer to this question.

"For substantial burgesses, unquestionably," said the youth. "Or, hold—you, master, may be a money-broker, or a corn-merchant; and this man a butcher or grazier."

"You have hit our capacities rarely," said the elder, smiling. "My business is indeed to trade in as much money as I can, and my gossip's dealings are somewhat of kin to the butcher's. As to your accommodation, we will try to serve you; but I must first know who you are, and whither you are going, for in these times the roads are filled with travellers on foot and horseback, who have anything in their head but honesty and the fear of God."

The young man cast another keen and penetrating glance on him who spoke, and on his silent companion, as if doubtful whether they, on their part, merited the confidence they demanded; and the result of his observation was as follows:

The eldest and most remarkable of these men in dress and appearance resembled the merchant or shopkeeper of the period. His jerkin, hose, and cloak were of a dark, uniform colour, but worn so threadbare that the acute young Scot conceived that the wearer must be either very rich or very poor, probably the former. The fashion of the dress was close and short—a kind of garments which were not then held decorous among gentry, or even the superior class of citizens, who generally wore loose gowns which descended below the middle of the leg.

The expression of the man's countenance was partly attractive and partly forbidding. His strong features, sunk cheeks, and hollow eyes, had, nevertheless, an expression of shrewdness and humour congenial to the character of the young adventurer. But, then, those same sunken eyes from under the shroud of thick black eyebrows had something in them that was at once commanding and sinister. Perhaps this effect was increased by the low fur cap, much

depressed on the forehead, and adding to the shade from under which those eyes peered out ; but it is certain that the young stranger had some difficulty to reconcile his looks with the meanness of his appearance in other respects. His cap, in particular, in which all men of any quality displayed either a brooch of gold or of silver, was ornamented with a paltry image of the Virgin in lead, such as the poorer sort of pilgrims bring from Loretto.

His comrade was a stout-formed, middle-sized man, more than ten years younger than his companion, with a down-looking visage and a very ominous smile—when by chance he gave way to that impulse, which was never, except in reply to certain secret signs that seemed to pass between him and the elder stranger. This man was armed with a sword and dagger ; and underneath his plain habit the Scotsman observed that he concealed a *jazerant*, or flexible shirt of linked mail, which, as being often worn by those, even of peaceful professions, who were called upon at that perilous period to be frequently abroad, confirmed the young man in his conjecture that the wearer was by profession a butcher, grazier, or something of that description, called upon to be much abroad.

The young stranger, comprehending in one glance the result of the observation which has taken us some time to express, answered, after a moment's pause : " I am ignorant whom I may have the honour to address "—making a slight reverence at the same time—" but I am indifferent who knows that I am a cadet of Scotland, and that I come to seek my fortune in France or elsewhere, after the custom of my countrymen."

" *Pasques Dieu !* and a gallant custom it is !" said the elder stranger. " You seem a fine young springald, and at the right age to prosper, whether among men or women. What say you ? I am a merchant, and want a lad to assist in my traffic : I suppose you are too much a gentleman to assist in such mechanical drudgery ?"

"Fair sir," said the youth, "if your offer be seriously made—of which I have my doubts—I am bound to thank you for it, and I thank you accordingly; but I fear I should be altogether unfit for your service."

"What!" said the senior. "I warrant thou knowest better how to draw the bow than how to draw a bill of charges—canst handle a broadsword better than a pen—ha!"

"I am, master," answered the young Scot, "a braeman, and, therefore, as we say, a bowman. But besides that, I have been in a convent, where the good Fathers taught me to read and write, and even to cipher."

"*Pasques Dieu!* that is too magnificent," said the merchant. "By our lady of Embrun, thou art a prodigy, man!"

"Rest you merry, fair master," said the youth, who was not much pleased with his new acquaintance's jocularities. "I must go dry myself instead of standing dripping here answering questions."

The merchant only laughed louder as he spoke, and answered: "*Pasques Dieu!* the proverb never fails—*fier comme un Ecossois*—but come, youngster, you are of a country I have a regard for, having traded in Scotland in my time. An honest poor set of folks they are, and, if a cup of burnt sack and a warm breakfast to atone for your drenching—But *tête bleue!* what do you with a hunting-glove on your hand? Know you not there is no hawking permitted in a royal chase?"

"I was taught that lesson," answered the youth, "by a rascally forester of the Duke of Burgundy. I did but fly the falcon I had brought with me from Scotland, and that I reckoned on for bringing me into some note, at a heron near Peronne, and the rascal shot my bird with an arrow."

"What did you do?" said the merchant.

"Beat him," said the youngster, brandishing his staff, "as near to death as one Christian man should belabour another; I wanted not to have his blood to answer for."

"Know you," said the burgess, "that had you fallen into the Duke of Burgundy's hands he would have hung you up like a chestnut?"

"Ay; I am told he is as prompt as the King of France for that sort of work. But, as this happened near Peronne, I made a leap over the frontiers and laughed at him. If he had not been so hasty I might perhaps have taken service with him."

"He will have a heavy miss of such a paladin as you are if the truce should break off," said the merchant; and threw a look at his own companion, who answered him with one of the downcast, lowering smiles which gleamed along his countenance, enlivening it as a passing meteor enlivens a winter sky.

The young Scot suddenly stopped, pulled his bonnet over his right eyebrow as one that would not be ridiculed, and said firmly: "My masters—and especially you, sir, the elder, and who should be the wiser—you will find, I presume, no sound or safe jesting at my expense. I do not altogether like the tone of your conversation. I can take a jest with any man, and a rebuke too, from my elder, and say, 'Thank you, sir,' if I know it to be deserved; but I do not like being borne in hand as if I were a child, when, God wot, I find myself man enough to belabour you both if you provoke me too far."

The eldest man seemed like to choke with laughter at the lad's demeanour; his companion's hand stole to his sword-hilt, which the youth observing, dealt him a blow across the wrist, which made him incapable of grasping it, while his companion's mirth was only increased by the incident. "Hold, hold!" he cried, "most doughty Scot, even for thine own dear country's sake; and you, gossip, forbear your menacing look. *Pasques Dieu!* let us be just traders, and set off the wetting against the knock on the wrist, which was given with so much grace and alacrity. And hark ye, my young friend," he said to the young man with

grave sternness, which, in spite of all the youth could do, damped and overawed him, "no more violence. I am no fit object for it, and my gossip, as you may see, has had enough of it. Let me know your name."

"I can answer a civil question civilly," said the youth, "and will pay fitting respect to your age if you do not urge my patience with mockery. Since I have been here in France and Flanders men have called me, in their fantasy, the 'Varlet with the Velvet Pouch,' because of this hawk-purse which I carry by my side; but my true name, when at home, is Quentin Durward."*

Sir Walter Scott.

BREATHES THERE THE MAN.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.
O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !

* The hero of one of the Waverley Novels which bears his name, and in which the reader may follow his subsequent fortunes, as well as find out who the "merchant" and the "butcher" actually were.

BREATHES THERE THE MAN

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand !
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what has been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

From Sir Walter Scott's " Lay of the Last Minstrel."

THE OUTLAW.

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily :
" O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

" If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me
To leave both bower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.

And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May !

"With burnished brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O ! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May !

"Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die ;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I !
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,—

THE OUTLAW

What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now."

CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen."

Sir W. Scott

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A Conversational Poem, written in April, 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen Light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy Bridge !
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring : it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night ! and tho' the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" Bird !
A melancholy Bird ? O idle thought !
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
—But some night-wandering Man, whose heart was pierc'd
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper of neglected love,
(And so, poor Wretch ! fill'd all things with himself
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows) he and such as he
First nam'd these notes a melancholy strain ;
And many a poet echoes the conceit,
Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs

Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell
By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame
Should share in nature's immortality,
A venerable thing ! and so his song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be lov'd, like nature !—But 'twill not be so ;
And youths and maidens most poetical
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My Friend, and my Friend's Sister ! we have learnt
A different lore : we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices always full of love
And joyance ! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful, that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music ! And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
Which the great lord inhabits not : and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales : and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs—
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day ! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclos'd,

You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
 Glist'ning, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid
 Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a Lady vow'd and dedicate
 To something more than nature in the grove)
 Glides thro' the pathways ; she knows all their notes,
 That gentle Maid ! and oft, a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the Moon
 Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
 With one sensation, and those wakeful Birds
 Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
 As if one quick and sudden Gale had swept
 An hundred airy harps ! And she hath watch'd
 Many a Nightingale perch giddily
 On blosmy twig still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song,
 Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

S. T. Coleridge (1772-1834).

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?
 Where may the grave of that good man be ?—
 By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
 Under the twigs of a young birch tree !
 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
 And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
 And whistled and roar'd in the winter alone,
 Is gone—and the birch in its stead is grown.—
 The Knight's bones are dust,
 And his good sword rust ;—
 His soul is with the saints, I trust.

S. T. Coleridge.

CHARLES I. AND THE FIVE MEMBERS.

From the Essay on Lord Nugent's "Memorials of John Hampden," by Lord Macaulay (1800-1859).

ON the third of January, 1642, without giving the slightest hint of his intention to those advisers whom he had promised solemnly to consult, the King sent down the Attorney-General to impeach Lord Kimbolton, Hampden, Pym, Hollis, and two other members of the House of Commons, at the Bar of the Lords on a charge of high treason. It is difficult to find in the whole history of England such an instance of tyranny, perfidy and folly. The most precious and ancient rights of the subject were violated by this act. The only way in which Hampden and Pym could legally be tried for treason at the suit of the King was by a petty jury on a bill found by a grand jury. The Attorney-General had no right to impeach them. The House of Lords had no right to try them.

The Commons refused to surrender their members. The peers showed no inclination to usurp the unconstitutional jurisdiction which the King attempted to force on them. A contest began, in which violence and weakness were on the one side, law and resolution on the other. Charles sent an officer to seal up the lodgings and trunks of the accused members. The Commons sent their sergeant to break the seals. The tyrant resolved to follow up one outrage by another. In making the charge he had struck at the institution of juries. In executing the arrest he struck at the privileges of Parliament. He resolved to go to the House in person, with an armed force, and there to seize the leaders of the Opposition while engaged in the discharge of their Parliamentary duties. . . .

Lady Carlisle conveyed intelligence of the design to Pym. The five members had time to withdraw before the arrival

of Charles. They left the House as he was entering New Palace Yard. He was accompanied by about two hundred halberdiers of his guard, and by many gentlemen of the Court armed with swords. He walked up Westminster Hall. At the southern door of that vast building his attendants divided to the right and left, and formed a lane to the door of the House of Commons. He knocked, entered, darted a look towards the place which Pym usually occupied, and, seeing it empty, walked up to the table.

The Speaker fell on his knee. The members rose and uncovered their heads in profound silence, and the King took his seat in the chair. He looked round the House, but the five members were nowhere to be seen. He interrogated the Speaker. The Speaker answered that he was merely the organ of the House, and had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, but according to their direction. The baffled tyrant muttered a few feeble sentences about his respect for the laws of the realm and the privileges of Parliament, and retired. As he passed along the benches several resolute voices called out audibly, "Privilege!" He returned to Whitehall with his company of bravoës, who, while he was in the House, had been impatiently waiting in the lobby for the word, cocking their pistols, and crying "Fall on!" That night he put forth a proclamation directing that the posts should be stopped, and that no person should, at his peril, venture to harbour the accused members.

Hampden and his friends had taken refuge in Coleman Street. The City of London was indeed the fastness of public liberty, and was in those times a place of at least as much importance as Paris during the French Revolution. . . .

The people of this great city had long been thoroughly devoted to the national cause. Great numbers of them had signed a protestation, in which they declared their resolution to defend the privileges of Parliament. Their enthusiasm had of late begun to cool. But the impeachment of the five

members and the insult offered to the House of Commons inflamed them to fury. Their houses, their purses, their pikes were at the command of the Commons. London was in arms all night. The next day the shops were closed; the streets were filled with immense crowds. The multitude pressed round the King's coach, and insulted him with opprobrious cries. The House of Commons, in the meantime, appointed a committee to sit in the City for the purpose of inquiring into the circumstances of the late outrage. The members of the committee were welcomed by a deputation of the common council. Merchant Taylors' Hall, Goldsmiths' Hall, and Grocers' Hall were fitted up for their sittings. A guard of respectable citizens, duly relieved twice a day, was posted at their doors. The sheriffs were charged to watch over the safety of the accused members, and to escort them to and from the committee with every mark of honour. . . .

The Commons, in a few days, openly defied the King, and ordered the accused members to attend in their places at Westminster and to resume their parliamentary duties. The citizens resolved to bring back the champions of liberty in triumph before the windows of Whitehall. Vast preparations were made by land and water for this great festival. . . .

On the eleventh of January the Thames was covered with boats, and its shores with the gazing multitude. Armed vessels, decorated with streamers, were ranged in two lines from London Bridge to Westminster Hall. The members returned by water in a ship manned by sailors who had volunteered their services. The train-bands of the city, under the command of the sheriffs, marched along the Strand, attended by a vast crowd of spectators to guard the avenues to the House of Commons; and thus, with shouts and loud discharges of ordnance, the accused patriots were brought back by the people whom they had served and for whom they had suffered. The restored members, as soon as

they had entered the House, expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude to the citizens of London. The sheriffs were warmly thanked by the Speaker in the name of the Commons, and orders were given that a guard selected from the train-bands of the City should attend daily to watch over the safety of the Parliament.

THE ARMADA.

A FRAGMENT.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,*
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast ;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums.
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells ;
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells ;
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight on that famed Picard field
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield ;
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

* Alderney.

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ; ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids !

Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute ; ho ! gallants, draw your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold :
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold :
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread ;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone ; it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew ;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,

And e'er the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
 And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still ;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill ;
 Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwen's rocky dales,
 Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
 Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
 And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Lord Macaulay.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
 A lovely Apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornamen ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food,
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine ;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death :
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel-light.

W. Wordsworth (1770-1850).

LINES

*Written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little
 boy to the person to whom they are addressed.*

It is the first mild day of March :
 Each minute sweeter than before,
 The red-breast sings from the tall larch
 That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield
 To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
 And grass in the green field.

My Sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
 Now that our morning meal is done,
 Make haste, your morning task resign ;
 Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you, and pray.
 Put on with speed your woodland dress,
 And bring no book, for this one day
 We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
 Our living Calendar :
 We from to-day, my friend, will date
 The opening of the year.

Love, now an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth,
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason ;
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts may make,
Which they shall long obey ;
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above ;
We'll frame the measure of our souls,
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my sister, come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress,
And bring no book ; for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

W. Wordsworth.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands ;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago ;
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some actual sorrow, loss or pain
That has been and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listened till I had my fill ;
And, when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

W. Wordsworth.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3,
1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !

The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep :
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

W. Wordsworth.

LONDON.

An extract from Charlotte Brontë's novel "Villette," of which the heroine is a girl named Lucy Snowe. After living for some time as companion to a lady, Miss Marchmont by name, she accepted a situation as governess in a school at Brussels, and set out alone for that city, travelling by way of London.

THE next day was the first of March, and when I awoke, rose, and opened my curtain, I saw the risen sun struggling through fog. Above my head, above the housetops, co-elevate almost with the clouds, I saw a solemn, orbéd mass, dark-blue and dim—the Dome. While I looked my inner self moved—my spirit shook its always-fettered wings half loose ; I had a sudden feeling as if I, who never yet truly

lived, were at last about to taste life. In that morning my soul grew as fat as Jonah's gourd.

"I did well to come," I said, proceeding to dress with speed and care. "I like the spirit of this great London which I feel around me. Who but a coward would pass his whole life in hamlets, and for ever abandon his faculties to the eating rust of obscurity?"

Being dressed, I went down; not travel-worn and exhausted, but tidy and refreshed. When the waiter came in with my breakfast I managed to accost him sedately, yet cheerfully; we had ten minutes' discourse, in the course of which we became usefully known to each other.

He was a gray-haired, elderly man, and, it seemed, had lived in his present place twenty years. Having ascertained this, I was sure he must remember my two uncles, Charles and Wilmot, who, fifteen years ago, were frequent visitors here. I mentioned their names; he recalled them perfectly and with respect. Having intimated my connection, my position in his eyes was henceforth clear and on a right footing. He said I was like my Uncle Charles; I suppose he spoke truth, because Mrs. Barrett was accustomed to say the same thing. A ready and obliging courtesy now replaced his former uncomfortably doubtful manner; henceforth I need no longer be at a loss for a civil answer to a sensible question.

The street on which my little sitting-room window looked was narrow, perfectly quiet, and not dirty; the few passengers were just such as one sees in provincial towns; here was nothing formidable; I felt sure I might venture out alone.

Having breakfasted, out I went. Elation and pleasure were in my heart; to walk alone in London seemed of itself an adventure. Presently I found myself in Paternoster Row—classic ground this. I entered a bookseller's shop, kept by one Jones. I bought a little book—a piece of extravagance I could ill afford; but I thought I would one day give or send it to Mrs. Barrett. Mr. Jones, a dried-in

man of business, stood behind his desk ; he seemed one of the greatest and I one of the happiest of beings.

Prodigious was the amount of life I lived that morning. Finding myself before St. Paul's, I went in. I mounted to the dome ; I saw thence London, with its river and its bridges and its churches ; I saw antique Westminster, and the green Temple Gardens, with sun upon them, and a glad blue sky of early spring above, and, between them and it, not too dense a cloud of haze.

Descending, I went wandering whither chance might lead, in a still ecstasy of freedom and enjoyment, and I got—I know not how—I got into the heart of City life. I saw and felt London at last ; I got into the Strand ; I went up Cornhill ; I mixed with the life passing along ; I dared the perils of crossings. To do this, and to do it utterly alone, gave me perhaps an irrational but a real pleasure. Since those days I have seen the West End, the parks, the fine squares ; but I love the City far better. The City seems so much more in earnest ; its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, and sounds. The City is getting its living—the West End but enjoying its pleasure. At the West End you may be amused, but in the city you are deeply excited.

Faint at last and hungry (it was years since I had felt such healthy hunger), I returned about two o'clock to my dark, old, and quiet inn. I dined on two dishes—a plain joint and vegetables ; both seemed excellent. How much better than the small, dainty messes Miss Marchmont's cook used to send up to my kind dead mistress and to me, and to the discussion of which we could not bring half an appetite between us ! Delightfully tired, I lay down on three chairs for an hour (the room did not boast a sofa). I slept, then I woke and thought for two hours.

That same evening I obtained from my friend the waiter information respecting the sailing of vessels for a certain Continental port, Boue-Marine. No time, I found, was to

be lost ; that very night I must take my berth. I might, indeed, have waited till the morning before going on board, but would not run the risk of being too late.

"Better take your berth at once, ma'am," counselled the waiter. I agreed with him, and, having discharged my bill, and acknowledged my friend's services at a rate which I now know was princely, and which in his eyes must have seemed absurd, he proceeded to call a coach. To the driver he also recommended me, giving at the same time an injunction about taking me, I think, to the wharf, and not leaving me to the watermen, which that functionary promised to observe, but failed in keeping his promise ; on the contrary, he offered me up as an oblation, making me alight in the midst of a throng of watermen.

This was an uncomfortable crisis. It was a dark night. The coachman instantly drove off as soon as he had got his fare ; the watermen commenced a struggle for me and my trunk. Their oaths I hear at this moment ; they shook my philosophy more than did the night or the isolation, or the strangeness of the scene. One laid hands on my trunk. I looked and waited quietly, but when another laid hands on me I spoke up, shook off his touch, stepped at once into a boat, desired austerely that the trunk should be placed beside me—"Just there"—which was instantly done, for the owner of the boat I had chosen became now an ally ; I was rowed off.

Black was the river as a torrent of ink ; lights glanced on it from the piles of building round, ships rocked on its bosom. They rowed me up to several vessels ; I read by lantern-light their names, painted in great white letters on a dark ground. The *Ocean*, the *Phoenix*, the *Consort*, the *Dolphin*, were passed in turns ; but the *Vivid* was my ship, and it seemed she lay further down.

Down the sable flood we glided ; I thought of the Styx, and of Charon rowing some solitary soul to the Land of Shades. Amidst the strange scene, with a chilly wind

blowing in my face and midnight clouds dropping rain above my head; with two rude rowers for companions, whose insane oaths still tortured my ear, I asked myself if I was wretched or terrified. I was neither. Often in my life have I been far more so under comparatively safe circumstances. "How is this?" said I. "Methinks I am animated and alert, instead of being depressed and apprehensive!" I could not tell how it was.

The *Vivid* started out, white and glaring, from the black night at last. "Here you are!" said the waterman, and instantly demanded six shillings.

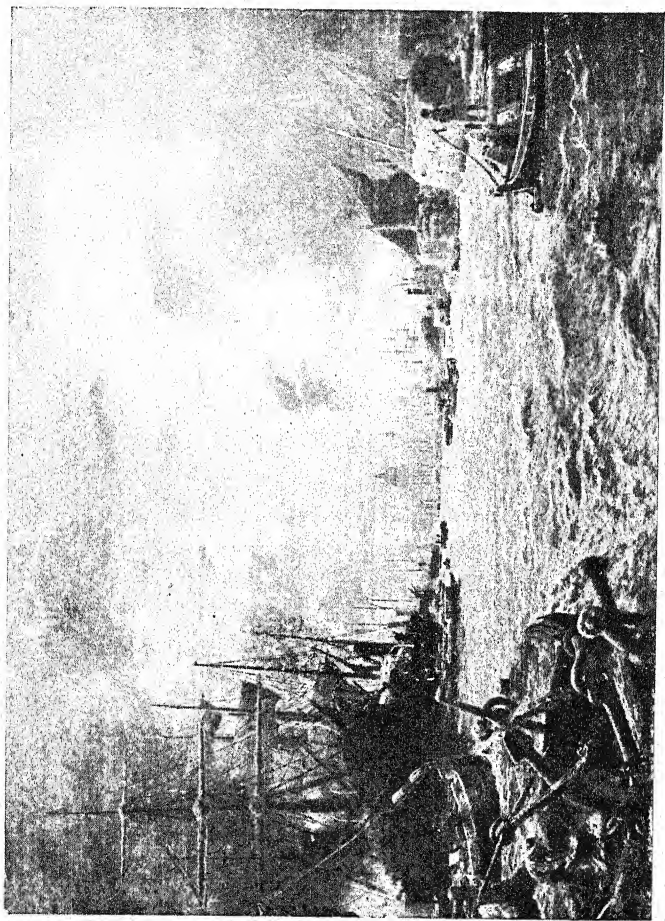
"You ask too much," I said. He drew off from the vessel, and swore he would not embark me till I paid it. A young man, the steward, as I found afterwards, was looking over the ship's side; he grinned a smile in anticipation of the coming contest; to disappoint him I paid the money. Three times that afternoon I had given crowns where I should have given shillings; but I consoled myself with the reflection, "It is the price of experience."

"They've cheated you!" said the steward exultingly when I got on board. I answered that I knew it, and went below.

A stout, handsome and showy woman was in the ladies' cabin. I asked to be shown to my berth; she looked hard at me, muttered something about its being unusual for passengers to come on board at that hour, and seemed disposed to be less than civil. What a face she had!—so comely, so insolent and so selfish!

"Now that I am on board I shall certainly stay here," was my answer. "I will trouble you to show me my berth."

She complied, but sullenly. I took off my bonnet, arranged my things, and lay down. Some difficulties had been passed through; a sort of victory was won; my homeless, anchorless, unsupported mind had again leisure for a brief repose. Till the *Vivid* arrived in harbour no further



THE POOL OF LONDON.

(From the picture by Vicat Cole, R.A., by permission of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery).

action would be required of me; but then. . . . Oh, I could not look forward. Harassed, exhausted, I lay in a half-trance.

DOBBIN OF OURS.

From "Vanity Fair" by William M. Thackeray (1811-1863).

CUFF's fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dumbest, of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the city, and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles"—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there, almost at the bottom of the school, in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting, as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of "Dobbin and Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London," at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin!" one wag would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugar

is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum: "If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him, at which the latter replied haughtily: "My father's a gentleman, who keeps his carriage!" And Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote corner in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe.

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the Latin language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the "Eton Latin Grammar," was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with his downcast, stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them—which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater, and took snuff like the Doctor. He had been to the opera,

and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes; that toasted his bread; others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day, in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering over a letter, when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some new stage of which tarts were probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

"You *can't*!" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought and labour and tears, for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him—although she was a grocer's wife, and lived in a back parlour in Thames Street). "You *can't*?" says Mr. Cuff; "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench, very nervous.

"Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down the letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth letterth."

"Well, *now* will you go?" says the other.

"No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you!" roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat-sleeves

again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that, though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of the "Arabian Nights" which he had, apart from the rest of the school—who were pursuing their various sports—quite lonely, and almost happy.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour, when she'll cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie, and, looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore no malice—not, at least, towards the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle!" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick), to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rum-shrub on credit; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you, sir, break it!" says Cuff; "you blundering little thief! You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed; the Roc had whisked away Sinbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds; and there was everyday life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause. . . .

Perhaps Dobbin's foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny, or perhaps he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory, pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out: "Hold off, Cuff! Don't bully that child any more, or I'll——"

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast!"

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him, while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch, George III., when he heard of the revolt of the North American Colonies; fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting, and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that!"

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

* * * *

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped neatly on the green; and the fact is when time was called Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle, and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said: "It's my fault, sir—not Figs's—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy, and he served me right"; by which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him. . . .

In consequence of Dobbin's victory his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school. "After all, it's not his fault that his father's a grocer," George Osborne said, who, though a little chap, had a very high popularity among the Swishtail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. It was voted low to sneer at Dobbin about this accident of birth. "Old Figs" grew to be a name of kindness and endearment.

And Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could

only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses, coached him in play hours, carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form, and even there got a fair place for him. It was discovered that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public Midsummer examination. You should have seen his mother's face when "Télémaque" (that delicious romance) was presented to him by the Doctor in the face of the whole school and the parents and company, with an inscription to Gulielmo Dobbin. All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, who now respected him for the first time, gave him two guineas publicly, most of which he spent in a general tuck-out for the school, and he came back in a tail-coat after the holidays.

Dobbin was much too modest a young fellow to suppose that this happy change in all his circumstances arose from his own generous and manly disposition. He chose, from some perverseness, to attribute his good fortune to the sole agency and benevolence of little George Osborne, to whom henceforth he vowed such a love and affection as we read in the charming fairy book uncouth Orson had for splendid young Valentine, his conqueror. He flung himself down at little Osborne's feet and loved him. Even before they were acquainted he had admired Osborne in secret. Now he was his valet, his dog, his man Friday. He believed Osborne to be the possessor of every perfection, to be the handsomest, the bravest, the most active, the cleverest, the most generous of created boys. He shared his money with him, bought him uncountable presents of knives, pencil-cases, gold seals, toffee, little warblers, and romantic books with large coloured pictures of knights and robbers, in many

of which latter you might read inscriptions to "George Sedley Osborne, Esquire, from his attached friend, William Dobbin"—the which tokens of homage George received very graciously, as became his superior merit.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow,
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot :
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

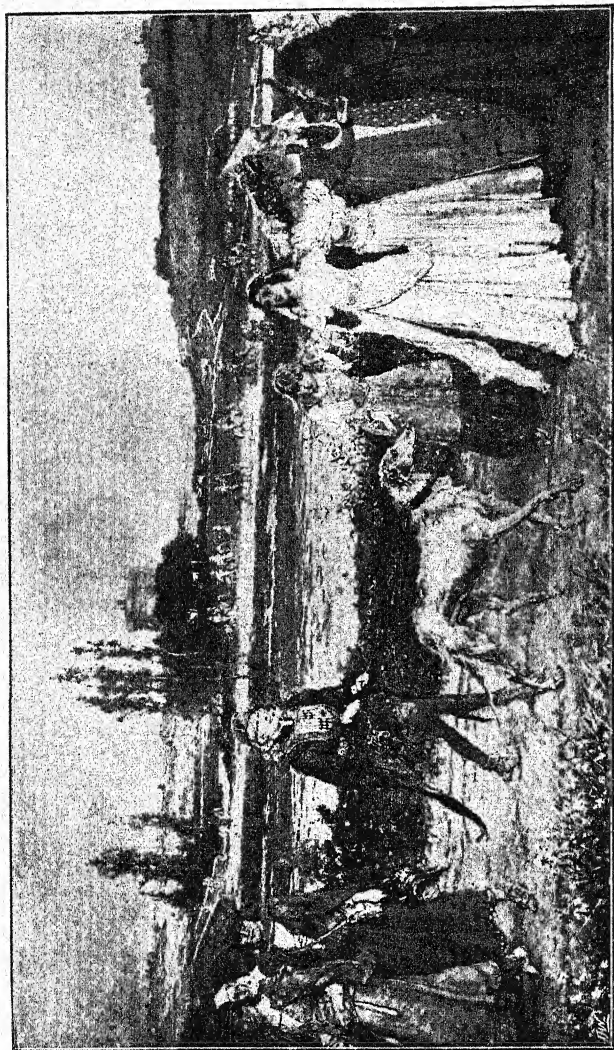
Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two.
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.



THE ROAD TO CAMELOT.

(From the Original Painting by G. H. Boughton, R.A., by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool).

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
" I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merril
As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle leather,
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror cracked from side to side ;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeking all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead pale between the houses high
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer!
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892).

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,
'Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it like a king ;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood
This way and that dividing the swift mind
In act to throw ; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur concealed,
There in the many-knotted waterflags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :

"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had followed, either hand,

Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought :
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud,

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake :
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur, breathing heavily :
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,

And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

" Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence ;
But if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur ;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spake King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :

" Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising, bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, " Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels-
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
And to the barge they came. Then those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap
And loos'd the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah ! my lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have not been since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,

And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself ; what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done,
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Pound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure, cold plume and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Alfred Tennyson

MR. PICKWICK'S PARTY ON THE ICE.

From the "Pickwick Papers" by Charles Dickens (1812-1870).

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy* announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

"Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice, and the fat boy and Mr. Weller† having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and

* Mr. Wardle's servant.

† Sam Weller, Mr. Pickwick's servant.

the ladies, which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it!"

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates, ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a-goin' to begin," said Sam. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a

couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'ee sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam—not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular manner when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here; I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a-callin'? Let go, sir!"

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind—in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.*

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice: "Take his skates off!"

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir!"

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir! I will speak plainer if you wish it. An impostor, sir!"

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated

* Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen were medical students.

"knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" cried Wardle, dragging off his skates. "Here, I'll keep you company; come along!" and away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin'!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the

ceremony ; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up ; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started ; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared ; the water bubbled up over it ; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface : and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted ; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness ; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any person who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming : " Fire !" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

“Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!” bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

“Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!” roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected.

“Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?” said Wardle.

“Yes, certainly,” replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. “I fell upon my back. I couldn’t get on my feet at first.”

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick’s coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy’s suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

“Oh! he’ll catch his death of cold,” said Emily.

“Dear old thing!” said Arabella. “Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick.”

“Ah! that’s the best thing you can do,” said Wardle; “and when you’ve got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly.”

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with

his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly-defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and, urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colours to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; and when *he* awoke next morning there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him.

A POOR MAN'S HOSPITALITY.

From "The Chimes," by Charles Dickens. A story of Toby Veck, an old ticket-porter, who made his living by running messages. He had his station near a church furnished with a clock that chimed the quarters of each hour.

THEY called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed, if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps; most likely; but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease, but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously.

A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was

worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way, devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook, to warm himself on a wet day Toby trotted, making with his leaky shoes a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire, and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of gray worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers; Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

He made this last excursion several times a day, for they were company to him; and when he heard their voices, he had an interest in glancing at their lodging-place, and thinking how they were moved, and what hammers beat upon them. Perhaps he was the more curious about these bells, because there were points of resemblance between themselves and him.

They hung there in all weathers: with the wind and rain driving in upon them; facing only the outsides of all those houses; never getting any nearer to the blazing fires that gleamed and shone upon the windows, or came puffing out of the chimney-tops; and incapable of participation in any of the good things that were constantly being handed through the street-doors and area-railings to the cooks. Faces came and went at many windows; sometimes pretty faces, youthful faces, pleasant faces, sometimes the reverse. But Toby knew no more (though he often speculated on these trifles, standing idle in the streets) whence they came, or where

they went, or whether, when the lips moved, one kind word was said of him in all the year, than did the Chimes themselves.

One day Toby was sent on a message to a certain Alderman Cute.

Toby discharged himself of his commission, with all possible speed, and set off trotting homeward. But what with his pace, which was at best an awkward one in the street; and what with his hat, which didn't improve it; he trotted against somebody in less than no time, and was sent staggering out into the road.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said Trotty, pulling up his hat in great confusion, and between the hat and the torn lining, fixing his head into a kind of beehive. "I hope I haven't hurt you."

As to hurting anybody, Toby was not such an absolute Samson, but that he was much more likely to be hurt himself; and, indeed, he had flown out into the road like a shuttlecock. He had such an opinion of his own strength, however, that he was in real concern for the other party, and said again:

"I hope I haven't hurt you?"

The man against whom he had run, a sun-browned, sinewy, country-looking man, with grizzled hair, and a rough skin, stared at him for a moment as if he suspected him to be in jest. But satisfied of his good faith, he answered: "No, friend. You have not hurt me."

"Nor the child, I hope?" said Trotty.

"Nor the child," returned the man. "I thank you kindly."

As he said so he glanced at a little girl he carried in his arms, asleep; and shading her face with the long end of the poor handkerchief he wore about his throat, went slowly on.

The tone in which he said "I thank you kindly" penetrated Trotty's heart. He was so jaded and footsore, and so soiled with travel, and looked about him so forlorn and

strange, that it was a comfort to him to be able to thank anyone, no matter for how little. Toby stood gazing after him as he plodded wearily away, with the child's arm clinging round his neck.

At the figure in worn shoes—now the very shade and ghost of shoes—rough leather leggings, common frock, and broad-slouched hat, Trotty stood gazing, blind to the whole street, and at the child's arm clinging round its neck.

Before he merged into the darkness the traveller stopped; and looking round, and seeing Trotty standing there yet, seemed undecided whether to return or go on. After doing first the one and then the other, he came back, and Trotty went half-way to meet him.

"You can tell me, perhaps," said the man with a faint smile—"and if you can I am sure you will, and I'd rather ask you than another—where Alderman Cute lives."

Toby was able to give the required information, but warned the man, whose name was Will Fern, to keep away from Alderman Cute, who, he said, was no friend to the poor. Then the little old man looked down at the child:

"She has a beautiful face," said Trotty.

"Why, yes," replied the other in a low voice, as he gently turned it up towards his own, and looked upon it steadfastly. "I've thought so many times. I've thought so when my hearth was very cold, and cupboard very bare."

He sunk his voice so low, and gazed upon her with an air so stern and strange, that Toby, to divert the current of his thoughts, inquired if his wife were living.

"I never had one," he returned, shaking his head. "She's my brother's child, an orphan. Nine years old, though you'd hardly think it; but she's tired and worn out now. They'd 've taken care of her—the workhouse—but I took her instead, and she's lived with me ever since. Her mother had a friend once, in London here. We are trying to find her, and to find work too; but it's a large place. Never mind. More room for us to walk about in, Lily."

Meeting the child's eyes with a smile, which melted Toby more than tears, he shook him by the hand.

"I don't so much as know your name," he said, "but I've opened my heart free to you, for I'm thankful to you. Good-night. A Happy New Year!"

"Stay!" cried Trotty, catching at his hand as he relaxed his grip. "Stay! The New Year never can be happy to me if we part like this. The New Year never can be happy to me if I see the child and you go wandering away you don't know where, without a shelter for your heads. Come home with me. I'm a poor man, living in a poor place, but I can give you lodging for one night and never miss it. Come home with me. Here! I'll take her!" cried Trotty, lifting up the child. "A pretty one! I'd carry twenty times her weight and never know I'd got it. Tell me if I go too quickly for you. I'm very fast. I always was." Trotty said this taking about six of his trotting paces to one stride of his fatigued companion, and with his thin legs quivering again beneath the load he bore.

"Why, she's as light," said Trotty, trotting in his speech as well as in his gait; for he couldn't bear to be thanked, and dreaded a moment's pause, "as light as a feather. Lighter than a peacock's feather—a great deal lighter. Here we are, and here we go! Round this first turning to the right, Uncle Will, and past the pump, and sharp off up the passage to the left, right opposite the public-house. Here we are, and here we go. Cross over, Uncle Will, and mind the kidney pieman at the corner! Here we are, and here we go. Down the Mews, here, Uncle Will, and stop at the back door, with 'T. Veck, Ticket Porter,' wrote upon a board; and here we are and here we go, and here we are indeed, my precious Meg, surprising you!"

With which words Trotty, in a breathless state, set the child down before his grown-up daughter. Yes, in the middle of the floor. The little visitor looked once at Meg,

and doubting nothing in that face, but trusting everything she saw there, ran into her arms.

"Here we are and here we go!" cried Trotty, running round the room and choking audibly. "Here, Uncle Will! Here's a fire, you know! Why don't you come to the fire? Oh, here we are and here we go! Meg, my precious darling, where's the kettle? Here it is and here it goes, and it'll boil in no time!"

Trotty really had picked up the kettle somewhere or other in the course of his wild career, and now put it on the fire; while Meg, seating the child in a warm corner, knelt down on the ground before her, and pulled off her shoes, and dried her wet feet on a cloth. Ay, and she laughed at Trotty too, so pleasantly, so cheerfully, that Trotty could have blessed her where she kneeled.

"Why, father," said Meg, "you're crazy to-night, I think. I don't know what the bells would say to that. Poor little feet! How cold they are!"

"Oh, they're warmer now," exclaimed the child. "They're quite warm now."

"No, no, no," said Meg; "we haven't rubbed them half enough. We're so busy, so busy! And when they're done we'll brush out the damp hair; and when that's done we'll bring some colour to the poor, pale face with fresh water; and when that's done we'll be so gay and brisk and happy——"

The child, in a burst of sobbing, clasped her round the neck, caressed her fair cheek with her hand, and said:

"Oh Meg! oh dear Meg!"

Toby's blessing could have done no more. Who could do more?

"Why, father!" said Meg after a pause.

"Here I am, and here I go, my dear," said Trotty.

"Good gracious me!" cried Meg. "He's crazy. He's put the dear child's bonnet on the kettle, and hung the lid behind the door!"

"I didn't mean to do it, my love," said Trotty, hastily repairing the mistake. "Meg, my dear?"

Meg looked towards him and saw that he had elaborately stationed himself behind the chair of their male visitor, where with many mysterious gestures he was holding up the sixpence he had earned.

"I saw, my dear," said Trotty, "as I was coming in, half an ounce of tea lying somewhere on the stairs; and I'm pretty sure there was a bit of bacon too. As I don't remember where it was exactly, I'll go myself and try to find them."

With this inscrutable artifice, Toby withdrew to purchase the viands he had spoken of for ready money at Mrs. Chickenstalker's; and presently came back, pretending he had not been able to find them, at first, in the dark.

"But here they are at last," said Trotty, setting out the tea-things, "all correct! I was pretty sure it was tea, and a rasher. So it is. Meg, my pet, if you'll just make the tea, while your unworthy father toasts the bacon, we shall be ready immediately. It's a curious circumstance," said Trotty, proceeding in his cookery, with the assistance of the toasting-fork, "curious, but well known to my friends, that I never care, myself, for rashers, nor for tea. I like to see other people enjoy 'em," said Trotty, speaking very loud, to impress the fact upon his guest; "but to me, as food, they're disagreeable."

Yet Trotty sniffed the savour of the hissing bacon—ah! as if he liked it; and when he poured the boiling water in the teapot, looked lovingly down into the depths of that snug cauldron, and suffered the fragrant steam to curl about his nose and wreath his head and face in a thick cloud. However, for all this, he neither ate nor drank except, at the very beginning, a mere morsel for form's sake, which he appeared to eat with infinite relish, but declared was perfectly uninteresting to him.

No. Trotty's occupation was, to see Will Fern and

Lilian eat and drink ; and so was Meg's. And never did spectators at a city dinner or court banquet find such high delight in seeing others feast as those two did in looking on that night. Meg smiled at Trotty, Trotty laughed at Meg. Meg shook her head, and made believe to clap her hands, applauding Trotty ; Trotty conveyed, in dumb-show, unintelligible narratives of how and when and where he had found their visitors, to Meg ; and they were happy. Very happy.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Trotty after tea. "The little one, she sleeps with Meg, I know."

"With good Meg !" cried the child, caressing her. "With Meg."

"That's right," said Trotty. "And I shouldn't wonder if she'd kiss Meg's father, won't she ? *I'm* Meg's father."

Mightily delighted Trotty was when the child went timidly towards him, and having kissed him, fell back upon Meg again.

"She's as sensible as Solomon," said Trotty. "Here we come, and here we—no, we don't—I don't mean that—I—what was I saying, Meg, my precious ?"

Meg looked towards their guest, who leaned upon her chair, and, with his face turned from her, fondled the child's head half hidden in her lap.

"To be sure," said Toby. "To be sure ! I don't know what I'm rambling on about to-night. My wits are wool-gathering, I think. Will Fern, you come along with me. You're tired to death, and broken down for want of rest. You come along with me."

The man still played with the child's curls, still leaned upon Meg's chair, still turned away his face. He didn't speak, but in his rough, coarse fingers, clenching and expanding in the fair hair of the child, there was an eloquence that said enough.

"Yes, yes," said Trotty, answering unconsciously what he saw expressed in his daughter's face. "Take her with

you, Meg. Get her to bed. There! Now, Will, I'll show you where you lie. It's not much of a place: only a loft; but having a loft, I always say, is one of the great conveniences of living in a mews: and till this coachhouse and stable gets a better let, we live here cheap. There's plenty of sweet hay up there belonging to a neighbour, and it's as clean as hands and Meg can make it. Cheer up! Don't give way. A new heart for a New Year, always!"

The hand, released from the child's hair, had fallen trembling into Trotty's hand. So Trotty, talking without intermission, led him out as tenderly and easily as if he had been a child himself.

Returning before Meg, he listened for an instant at the door of her little chamber, an adjoining room. The child was murmuring a simple prayer before lying down to sleep; and when she had remembered Meg's name, "Dearly, dearly"—so her words ran—Trotty heard her stop and ask for his.

It was some short time before the foolish little old fellow could compose himself to mend the fire, and draw his chair to the warm hearth. But when he had done so, and had trimmed the light, he took his newspaper from his pocket and began to read.

EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER.

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea;
She looked across the water,
And long and loud laughed she:
"The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me!"

EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
 She walked along the sand ;
 When she was aware of a knight so fair,
 Come sailing to the land.
 His sails were all of velvet,
 His mast of beaten gold,
 And hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Who saileth here so bold !

"The locks of five princesses
 I won beyond the sea :
 I clipt their golden tresses,
 To fringe a cloak for thee.
 One handful yet is wanting,
 But one of all the tale :
 So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Furl up thy velvet sail !"

He leapt into the water,
 That rover young and bold ;
 He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
 He clipt her locks of gold ;
 "Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
 The tale is full to-day.
 Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Sail westward ho away !"

Charles Kingsley (1819-1875).

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
 And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
 One grand, sweet song !

Charles Kingsley



GIRL WITH DOVES.

(From Jean Baptiste Greuze's picture in the Wallace Gallery, by permission.)

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town ;
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep ;
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

AYACANORA.

From Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho."

"SILENCE all!" cried Amyas, "and paddle up thither and seize the canoe. If there be an Indian on the island, we will seek speech of him; but mind and treat him friendly, and, on your lives, neither strike nor shoot, even if he offers to fight."

So, choosing a line of smooth backwater just in the wake of the island, they drove their canoes up by main force, and fastened them safely by the side of the Indian's, while Amyas, always the foremost, sprang boldly on shore, whispering to the Indian boy to follow him.

Once on the island, Amyas felt sure enough that if its wild tenant had not seen them approach he certainly had not heard them, so deafening was the noise which filled his brain, and seemed to make the very leaves upon the bushes quiver, and the solid stone beneath his feet to reel and ring. For two hundred yards and more above the fall nothing met his eyes but one white mass of raging foam, with here and there a transverse dyke of rock, which hurled columns of spray and surges of beaded water high into the air, strangely contrasting with the still and silent cliffs of green leaves which walled the river right and left, and more strangely still with the knots of enormous palms upon the islets, which reared their polished shafts a hundred feet into the air, straight and upright as masts, while their broad plumes and golden-clustered fruit slept in the sunshine far aloft, the image of the stateliest repose amid the wildest wrath of Nature.

He looked round anxiously for the expected Indian, but he was nowhere to be seen; and, in the meanwhile, as he stept cautiously along the island, which was some fifty yards in length and breadth, his senses, accustomed as they were to

such sights, could not help dwelling on the exquisite beauty of the scene : on the garden of gay flowers of every imaginable form and hue, which fringed every boulder at his feet, peeping out amid delicate fern-fans and luxuriant cushions of moss ; on the chequered shade of the palms, and the cool air, which wafted down from the cataracts above the scent of a thousand flowers

Gradually his ear became accustomed to the roar, and above its mighty undertone he could hear the whisper of the wind among the shrubs, and the hum of myriad insects ; while the rock manakin, with its saffron plumage, flitted before him from stone to stone, calling cheerily, and seeming to lead him on. Suddenly, scrambling over the rocky flower-beds to the other side of the isle, he came upon a little shady beach, which, beneath a bank of stone some six feet high, fringed the edge of a perfectly still and glassy bay. Ten yards farther the cataract fell sheer in thunder, but a high fern-fringed rock turned its force away from that quiet nook. In it the water swung slowly round and round in glassy dark-green rings, among which dimpled a hundred gaudy fish, waiting for every fly and worm which spun and quivered on the eddy. Here, if anywhere, was the place to find the owner of the canoe. He leapt down upon the pebbles, and as he did so a figure rose from behind a neighbouring rock, and met him face to face.

It was an Indian girl ; and yet, when he looked again, was it an Indian girl ? Amyas had seen hundreds of those delicate dark-skinned daughters of the forest, but never such a one as this. Her stature was taller, her limbs were fuller and more rounded ; her complexion, though tanned by light, was fairer by far than his own sunburnt face ; her hair, crowned with a garland of white flowers, was not lank, and straight, and black, like an Indian's, but of a rich, glossy brown, and curling richly and crisply from her very temples to her knees. Her forehead, though low, was upright and ample ; her nose was straight and small ; her lips, the lips of

a European ; her whole face of the highest and richest type of Spanish beauty ; a collar of gold mingled with green beads hung round her neck, and golden bracelets were on her wrists.

All the strange and dim legends of white Indians, and of nations of a higher race than Carib, or Arrowak, or Solimo, which Amyas had ever heard, rose up in his memory. She must be the daughter of some great cacique, perhaps of the lost Incas themselves. Why not ? And full of simple wonder, he gazed upon that fairy vision, while she, unabashed in her free innocence, gazed fearlessly in return upon the mighty stature and the strange garments, and, above all, on the bushy beard and flowing yellow locks of the Englishman.

He spoke first, in some Indian tongue, gently and smilingly, and made a half-step forward ; but quick as light she caught up from the ground a bow, and held it fiercely toward him, fitted with the long arrow, with which, as he could see, she had been striking fish, for a line of twisted grass hung from its barbed head. Amyas stopped, laid down his own bow and sword, and made another step in advance, smiling still, and making all Indian signs of amity : but the arrow was still pointed straight at his breast, and he knew the mettle and strength of the forest nymphs well enough to stand still and call for the Indian boy, too proud to retreat, but in the uncomfortable expectation of feeling every moment the shaft quivering between his ribs.

The boy, who had been peering from above, leaped down to them in a moment, and began, as the safest method, grovelling on his nose upon the pebbles, while he tried two or three dialects, one of which at last she seemed to understand, and answered in a tone of evident suspicion and anger.

“What does she say?”

“That you are a Spaniard and a robber, because you have a beard.”

“Tell her that we are no Spaniards, but that we hate

them, and are come across the great waters to help the Indians to kill them."

The boy translated his speech. The nymph answered by a contemptuous shake of the head.

"Tell her, that if she will send her tribe to us, we will do them no harm. We are going over the mountains to fight the Spaniards, and we want them to show us the way."

The boy had no sooner spoken, than, nimble as a deer, the nymph had sprung up the rocks, and darted between the palm-stems to her canoe. Suddenly she caught sight of the English boat, and stopped with a cry of fear and rage.

"Let her pass!" shouted Amyas, who had followed her close. "Push your boat off, and let her pass. Boy, tell her to go on; they will not come near her."

But she hesitated still, and, with arrow drawn to the head, faced first on the boat's crew and then on Amyas, till the Englishmen had shoved off full twenty yards.

Then, leaping into her tiny piragua, she darted into the wildest whirl of the eddies, shooting along with vigorous strokes, while the English trembled as they saw the frail bark spinning and leaping amid the muzzles of the alligators and huge dog-toothed trout: but with the swiftness of an arrow she reached the northern bank, drove her canoe among the bushes, and leaping from it, darted through some narrow opening in the bush, and vanished like a dream.

THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

From "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with Elucidations," by Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881).

THE Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday the third of September, 1651; anniversary of that at Dunbar last year. It could well have but one issue; defeat for the Scots and their Cause;—either swift and

complete ; or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood. The swift issue was the one appointed ; and complete enough ; severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time.

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn ; part of Cromwell's forces having crossed to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge at Upton ; but Lambert's men "straddled across by the parapet,"—a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily repaired it ; hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there ; driving Massey back, with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in these parts ; and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday, September 2nd ; shall, on the morrow, attack the Scotch posts on the South West, about the Suburb of St. John's, across the River ; while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast.

St. John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester ; west, or southwest as we say, on the Herefordshire Road ; and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City again, near the then and present London Road is "Fort Royal," an entrenchment of the Scots ; on this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve. Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River ; stands high, surmounted by its high Cathedral ; close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn, surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday, the third of September 1651.

But now for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood and Upton, and the Enemy's outposts

at St. John's on the west side of the Severn, there runs a River Teme; a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he himself is to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or "within pistol shot of it," there is to be a Bridge of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighbouring Towns, lie ready on the river, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn, September 3rd. But it was towards "three in the afternoon" before the boatmen were got up; must have been towards five before these Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, "on the top of the Cathedral," have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon; have seen him build his Bridges of Boats: see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St. John's. In great force: for new regiments horse and foot now stream across the Severn Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood: nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, "did lead the van in person, and was the first to set foot on the Enemy's ground."—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there; driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots and his War-Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges;—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War

comes down from the top of the Cathedral ; their trumpets sound : Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again ; and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified ; after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable. The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. " My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in the midst of the fire : riding, himself in person, to the Enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot." The small Scotch Army, begirdled with over-powering force, and cut off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot ; charges now on this side of the River, now on that ; —can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little ; but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is on every side driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death : agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa !

" As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen." But it avails not. Through Sudbury Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St. John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's the Scots are driven in again to Worcester Streets : desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin : the foot all killed or taken ; the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far ! His sacred Majesty escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind : but Fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause !

KING SHAKSPEARE.

From "Heroes and Hero-Worship," by Thomas Carlyle.

SHAKSPEARE is the grandest thing we (English) have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English Household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakspeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not be forced to answer: Indian Empire or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspeare! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up our Shakspeare!

Nay, apart from spiritualities; and considering him merely as a real, marketable, tangibly-useful possession. England, before long, this Island of ours, will hold but a small fraction of the English: in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very Antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the Globe. And now, what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one Nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherlike intercourse, helping one another? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem, the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish: what is it that will accomplish this? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in it: Here, I say, is an English King, whom no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone! This King Shakspeare, does not he shine, in crowned sovereignty,

over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying-signs; *indestructible*; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the Nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish-Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another; "Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we produced him, we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." The most common-sense politician, too, if he pleases, may think of that.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children, dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go,
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, come away down ;
 Call no more !
 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little grey church on the windy shore ;
 Then come down !
 She will not come though you call all day ;
 Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep ;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, rang'd all round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world for ever and aye ?
 When did music come this way ?
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away ?
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
 She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea ;
 She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
 Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."

I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay :
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
" The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan ;
Long prayers," I said, " in the world they say ;
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town ;
Through the narrow-pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
" Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here !
Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more !
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !
For the priest and the bell, and the holy well ;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzling wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaid,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children.
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder :
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she.
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow ;
When clear falls the moonlight ;
When spring-tides are low :
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom ;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom :
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie ;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand hills,

At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down.
Singing, " There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Matthew Arnold (1822-1888).

THE FIRST RIDE.

From "Lavengro," by George Borrow (1803-1881).*

AND it came to pass that, as I was standing by the door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms came out to me, saying, " I say, young gentleman, I wish you would give the cob a breathing this fine morning."

" Why do you wish me to mount him ?" said I ; " you know he is dangerous. I saw him fling you off his back only a few days ago."

" Why, that's the very thing, master. I'd rather see anybody on his back than myself ; he does not like me ; but to them he does, he can be as gentle as a lamb."

" But suppose," said I, " that he should not like me ?"

" We shall soon see that, master," said the groom ; " and if so be he shows temper, I will be the first to tell you to get down. But there's no fear of that ; you have never angered or insulted him, and to such as you, I say again, he'll be as gentle as a lamb."

" And how came you to insult him," said I, " knowing his temper as you do ?"

" Merely through forgetfulness, master. I was riding him about a month ago, and having a stick in my hand I struck him, thinking I was on another horse, or, rather, thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me,

* Pronounce *Lávengro*.

though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world ; I should like to see you on him, master."

"I should soon be off him ; I can't ride."

"Then you are all right, master ; there's no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer's son, who can't ride. If you were a blackguard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs, 'twere another thing ; as it is, he'll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride ! he'll soon teach you to ride if you leave the matter to him. He's the best riding-master in all Ireland, and the gentlest."

The cob was led forth. What a tremendous creature ! I had frequently seen him before, and wondered at him ; he was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a Metropolitan dray-horse ; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back ; his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength ; he stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short. In a word, he was a gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at the present day nearly extinct.

"There !" said the groom, as he looked at him half admiringly, half sorrowfully ; "with sixteen stone on his back, he'll trot fourteen miles in one hour, with your nine stone, some two and a half more—ay, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it."

"I'm half afraid," said I ; "I had rather you would ride him."

"I'd rather so, too, if he would let me ; but he remembers the blow. Now, don't be afraid, young master, he's longing to go out himself. He's been trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means ; he'll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them, but to me he says 'No, you struck me !' "

"But," said I, "where's the saddle ?



THE HORSE FAIR.

(From Rosa Bonheur's picture in the National Gallery, by permission.)

"Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be a frank rider you must begin without a saddle; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don't trust him, and leave you to yourself. Now, before you mount, make his acquaintance. See, there, how he kisses you and licks your face, and see how he lifts his foot—that's to shake hands. You may trust him now you are on his back at last. Mind how you hold the bridle—gently, gently! It's not four pair hands like yours can hold him if he wishes to be off. Mind what I tell you—leave it all to him."

Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast, however, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off; the animal perceived it, too, and instantly stood stone still till I had righted myself. And now the groom came up: "When you feel yourself going," said he, "don't lay hold of the mane; that's no use; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning; it's his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That's it, now abroad with you. I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular rough-rider by the time you come back."

And so it proved; I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding after the first timidity is got over to supple and youthful limbs, and there is no second fear! The creature soon found that the nerves of his rider were in proper tone. Turning his head half round he made a kind of whining noise, flung out a little foam, and set off.

In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road bathed in perspiration, but screaming with delight; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

Oh, that ride! that first ride! Most truly it was an epoch in my existence, and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first

love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush and triumph and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true, and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob.

Oh, that cob! that Irish cob! May the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest, and most gallant of its kind! Oh, the days when, issuing from the barrack-gate of Templemore, we commenced our hurry-scurry just as inclination led, now across the fields, direct over stone walls and running brooks—mere pastime for the cob!—sometimes along the road to Thurles and Holy Cross, even to distant Cahir! What was distance to the cob? . . .

On a certain day I had been out on an excursion. In a cross-road, at some distance from the Satanic hill, the animal which I rode cast a shoe. By good luck a small village was at hand, at the entrance of which was a large shed, from which proceeded a most furious noise of hammering. Leading the cob by the bridle I entered boldly. "Shoe this horse, and do it quickly, *a gough*," said I to a wild grimy figure of a man, whom I found alone fashioning a piece of iron.

"*Arriod yuit?*" said the fellow, desisting from his work and staring at me.

"Oh yes, I have money!" said I, "and of the best;" and I pulled out an English shilling.

"*Tabhair chugam?*" said the smith, stretching out his grimy hand.

"No, I shan't," said I; "some people are glad to get their money when their work is done."

The fellow hammered a little longer, and then proceeded to shoe the cob, after having first surveyed it with attention. He performed his job rather roughly, and more than once

appeared to give the animal unnecessary pain, frequently making use of loud and boisterous words. By the time the work was done the creature was in a state of high excitement, and plunged and tore. The smith stood at a short distance, seeming to enjoy the irritation of the animal, and showing in a remarkable manner a huge fang, which projected from the under-jaw of a very wry mouth.

"You deserve better handling," said I, as I went up to the cob and fondled it; whereupon it whinnied and attempted to touch my face with its nose.

"Are ye not afraid of that beast?" said the smith, showing his fang. "Arrah it's vicious that he looks!"

"It's at you then! I don't fear him;" and thereupon I passed under the horse, between his hind legs.

"And is that all you can do, *agrah*?" said the smith.

"No," said I, "I can ride him."

"Ye can ride him, and what else, *agrah*?"

"I can leap him over a six-foot wall," said I.

"Over a wall, and what more, *agrah*?"

"Nothing more," said I; "what more would you have?"

"Can you do this, *agrah*?" said the smith; and he uttered a word which I had never heard before in a sharp, pungent tone. The effect upon myself was somewhat extraordinary: a strange thrill ran through me; but with regard to the cob it was terrible; the animal forthwith became like one mad, and reared and kicked with the utmost desperation.

"Can you do that, *agrah*?" said the smith.

"What was it?" said I, retreating. "I never saw the horse so before."

"Go between his legs, *agrah*," said the smith—"his hinder legs;" and he again showed his fang.

"I dare not," said I; "he would kill me."

"He would kill ye! And how do ye know that, *agrah*?"

"I feel he would," said I; "something tells me so."

"And it tells ye truth, *agrah*; but it's a fine beast, and it's a pity to see him in such a state. *Is agam an't leigeas*"—and

here he uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but sweet and almost plaintive. The effect of it was instantaneous as that of the other, but how different ! The animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. The smith went up to it, coaxed and patted it, making use of various sounds of equal endearment ; then turning to me, and holding out once more the grimy hand, he said : " And now ye will be giving me the Sassenach tenpence, *agrah ?*"

THE PATRIOT.

An Old Story.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, " Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies !"
They had answered, " And afterward, what else ?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
To give it my loving friends to keep !
Nought man could do, have I left undone :
And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
Just a palsied few at the windows set ;
For the best of the sight is all allow,
At the Shambles' Gate—or better yet
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

PIPPA'S SONGS

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind ;
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go !

In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
 Me?" God might question ; now instead,
 'Tis God shall repay : I am safer so.

Robert Browning (1812-1889)

PIPPA'S SONGS.

I.

ALL service ranks the same with God :
 If now, as formerly He trod
 Paradise, His presence fills
 Our earth, each only as God wills
 Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
 Are we ; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event !" Why "small?"
 Costs it more pain that this, ye call
 A "great event," should come to pass,
 Than that? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in, or exceed !

II.

The year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled :
 The lark's on the wing ;
 The snail's on the thorn ;
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world !

Robert Browning.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God !" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped, and sang, "Praise God !"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done ;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.

"This Easter day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise Him, that great way, and die !"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of My delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth ;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well ;

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy to youth he grew ;
The man put off the stripling's hue :

The man matured, and fell away
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will ; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in Mine ear ;
There is no doubt in it, no fear :

" So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from My footstool go.

" Clearer loves sound other ways :
I miss My little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day ; he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite :

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed ;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer :

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here ; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak ; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped !

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ :
Resume the craftsman and the boy !"

Theocrite grew old at home ;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died :
They sought God side by side.

Robert Browning.

THE NEW SCHOOLFELLOW.

From "The Mill on the Floss," by "George Eliot," (1819-1880).

It was a cold, wet January day on which Tom went back to school, a day quite in keeping with this severe phase of his destiny. If he had not carried in his pocket a parcel of sugar-candy and a small Dutch doll for little Laura,* there

* The daughter of Mr. Stelling, the schoolmaster.

would have been no ray of expected pleasure to enliven the general gloom. But he liked to think how Laura would put out her lips and her tiny hands for the bits of sugar-candy; and, to give the greater keenness to these pleasures of imagination, he took out the parcel, made a small hole in the paper, and bit off a crystal or two, which had so solacing an effect under the confined prospect and damp odours of the gig-umbrella that he repeated the process more than once on his way.

"Well, Tulliver, we're glad to see you again," said Mr. Stelling heartily. "Take off your wrappings and come into the study till dinner. You'll find a bright fire there, and a new companion."

Tom felt in an uncomfortable flutter as he took off his woollen comforter and other wrappings. He had seen Philip Wakem* at St. Ogg's, but had always turned his eyes away from him as quickly as possible. He would have disliked having a deformed boy for his companion, even if Philip had not been the son of a bad man; and Tom did not see how a bad man's son could be very good. His own father was a good man, and he would readily have fought anyone who said the contrary. He was in a state of mingled embarrassment and defiance as he followed Mr. Stelling to the study.

"Here is a new companion for you to shake hands with, Tulliver," said that gentleman on entering the study—"Master Philip Wakem. I shall leave you to make acquaintance by yourselves. You already know something of each other, I imagine, for you are neighbours at home."

Tom looked confused and awkward, while Philip rose and glanced at him timidly. Tom did not like to go up and put out his hand, and he was not prepared to say, "How do you do?" on so short a notice.

* The son of a lawyer, with whom Tom Tulliver's father had a standing dispute.

Mr. Stelling wisely turned away, and closed the door behind him: boys' shyness only wears off in the absence of their elders.

Philip was at once too proud and too timid to walk towards Tom. He thought, or rather felt, that Tom had an aversion to looking at him—everyone, almost, disliked looking at him—and his deformity was more conspicuous when he walked. So they remained without shaking hands or even speaking, while Tom went to the fire and warmed himself, every now and then casting furtive glances at Philip, who seemed to be drawing absently first one object and then another on a piece of paper he had before him. He had seated himself again, and, as he drew, was thinking what he could say to Tom, and trying to overcome his own repugnance to making the first advances.

Tom began to look oftener and longer at Philip's face, for he could see it without noticing the hump, and it was really not a disagreeable face—very odd-looking, Tom thought. He wondered how much older Philip was than himself. An anatomist—even a mere physiognomist—would have seen that the deformity of Philip's spine was not a congenital hump, but the result of an accident in infancy; but you do not expect from Tom any acquaintance with such distinctions: to him Philip was simply a hump-back. He had a vague notion that the deformity of Wakem's son had some relation to the lawyer's rascality, of which he had so often heard his father talk with hot emphasis; and he felt, too, a half-admitted fear of him as probably a spiteful fellow who, not being able to fight you, had cunning ways of doing you a mischief by the sly. There was a hump-backed tailor in the neighbourhood of Mr. Jacobs' academy who was considered a very unamiable character, and was much hooted after by public-spirited boys solely on the ground of his unsatisfactory moral qualities, so that Tom was not without a basis of fact to go upon. Still, no face could be more unlike the ugly

tailor's than this melancholy boy's face; the brown hair round it waved and curled at the ends like a girl's: Tom thought that truly pitiable. This Wakem was a pale, puny fellow, and it was quite clear he would not be able to play at anything worth speaking of; but he handled his pencil in an enviable manner, and was apparently making one thing after another without any trouble. What was he drawing? Tom was quite warm now, and wanted something new to be going forward. It was certainly more agreeable to have an ill-natured humpback as a companion than to stand looking out of the study window at the rain, and kicking his foot against the washboard in solitude; something would happen every day—"a quarrel or something"—and Tom thought he should rather like to show Philip that he had better not try his spiteful tricks on *him*. He suddenly walked across the hearth and looked over Philip's paper.

"Why, that's a donkey with panniers, and a spaniel, and partridges in the corn!" he exclaimed, his tongue being completely loosed by surprise and admiration. "Oh, my buttons! I wish I could draw like that. I'm to learn drawing this half; I wonder if I shall learn to make dogs and donkeys!"

"Oh, you can do them without learning," said Philip. "I never learned drawing."

"Never learned!" said Tom in amazement. "Why, when I make dogs and horses, and those things, the heads and the legs won't come right; though I can see how they ought to be very well. I can make houses, and all sorts of chimneys—chimneys going all down the wall, and windows in the roof, and all that. But I dare say I could do dogs and horses if I was to try more," he added, reflecting that Philip might falsely suppose that he was going to "knock under" if he were too frank about the imperfection of his accomplishments.

"Oh yes," said Philip, "it's very easy. You've only to

look well at things, and draw them over and over again. What you do wrong once you can alter the next time."

"But haven't you been taught *anything*?" said Tom, beginning to have a puzzled suspicion that Philip's crooked back might be a source of remarkable faculties. "I thought you'd been to school a long while."

"Yes," said Philip, smiling. "I've been taught Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and writing, and such things."

"Oh! but, I say, you don't like Latin though, do you?" said Tom, lowering his voice confidentially.

"Pretty well; I don't care much about it," said Philip.

"Ah! but perhaps you haven't got into the *Propria quæ maribus*," said Tom, nodding his head sideways, as much as to say, "That was the test; it was easy talking till you came to *that*."

Philip felt some bitter complacency in the promising stupidity of this well-made, active-looking boy; but made polite by his own extreme sensitiveness, as well as by his desire to conciliate, he checked his inclination to laugh, and said quietly:

"I've done with the grammar; I don't learn that any more."

"Then you won't have the same lessons as I shall?" said Tom, with a sense of disappointment.

"No; but I dare say I can help you. I shall be very glad to help you if I can."

Tom did not say "Thank you," for he was quite absorbed in the thought that Wakem's son did not seem so spiteful a fellow as might have been expected.

"I say," he said presently, "do you love your father?"

"Yes," said Philip, colouring deeply; "don't you love yours?"

"Oh yes. . . . I only wanted to know," said Tom, rather ashamed of himself now he saw Philip colouring and looking uncomfortable. He found much difficulty in

adjusting his attitude of mind towards the son of Lawyer Wakem, and it had occurred to him that if Philip disliked his father, that fact might go some way towards clearing up his perplexity."

"Shall you learn drawing?" he said, by way of changing the subject.

"No," said Philip. "My father wishes me to give all my time to other things now."

"What! Latin, and Euclid, and these things?" said Tom.

"Yes," said Philip, who had left off using his pencil, and was resting his head on one hand, while Tom was leaning forward on both elbows, and looking with increasing admiration at the dog and the donkey.

"And you don't mind that?" said Tom, with strong curiosity.

"No. I like to know what everybody else knows. I can study what I like by-and-by."

"I can't think why anybody should learn Latin," said Tom. "It's no good."

"It's part of the education of a gentleman," said Philip. "All gentlemen learn the same things."

"What! Do you think Sir John Crake, the master of the harriers, knows Latin?" said Tom, who had often thought he should like to resemble Sir John Crake.

"He learnt it when he was a boy, of course," said Philip; "but I dare say he's forgotten it."

"Oh, well, I can do that, then," said Tom, not with any epigrammatic intention, but with serious satisfaction at the idea that, as far as Latin was concerned, there was no hindrance to his resembling Sir John Crake. "Only you're obliged to remember it while you're at school, else you've got to learn ever so many lines of 'Speaker.' Mr. Stelling's very particular; did you know? He'll have you up ten times if you say '*nam*' for '*jam*.' . . . He won't let you go a letter wrong, I can tell you."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Philip, unable to choke a laugh. "I can remember things easily. And there are some lessons I'm very fond of. I'm very fond of Greek history and everything about the Greeks. I should like to have been a Greek and fought the Persians, and then have come home and written tragedies, or else have been listened to by everybody for my wisdom, like Socrates, and have died a grand death." (Philip, you perceive, was not without a wish to impress the well-made barbarian with a sense of his mental superiority.)

"Why, were the Greeks great fighters?" said Tom, who saw a vista in this direction. "Is there anything like David, and Goliath, and Samson, in the Greek history? Those are the only bits I like in the history of the Jews."

"Oh, there are very fine stories of that sort about the Greeks—about the heroes of early times who killed the wild beasts, as Samson did. And in the 'Odyssey'—that's a beautiful poem—there's a more wonderful giant than Goliath, Polypheme, who had only one eye in the middle of his forehead; and Ulysses, a little fellow, but very wise and cunning, got a red-hot pine-tree and stuck it into this one eye, and made him roar like a thousand bulls."

"Oh, what fun!" said Tom, jumping away from the table, and stamping first with one leg and then the other. "I say, can you tell me all about those stories? Because I shan't learn Greek, you know. . . . Shall I?" he added, pausing in his stamping with sudden alarm lest the contrary might be possible. "Does every gentleman learn Greek? . . . Will Mr. Stelling make me begin with it, do you think?"

"No, I should think not—very likely not," said Philip. "But you may read those stories without knowing Greek; I've got them in English."

"Oh, but I don't like reading; I'd sooner have you tell them me—but only the fighting ones, you know. My sister Maggie is always wanting to tell me stories, but

they're stupid things. Girls' stories always are. Can you tell a good many fighting stories?"

"Oh yes," said Philip, "lots of them, besides the Greek stories. I can tell you about Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Saladin, and about William Wallace, and Robert Bruce, and James Douglas—I know no end."

"You're older than I am, aren't you?" said Tom.

"Why, how old are *you*? I'm fifteen."

"I'm only going in fourteen," said Tom. "But I've thrashed all the fellows at Jacobs'—that's where I was before I came here. And I beat 'em all at bandy and climbing. And I wish Mr. Stelling would let us go fishing. I could show you how to fish. You *could* fish, couldn't you? It's only standing and sitting still, you know."

Tom, in his turn, wished to make the balance dip in his favour. This hunchback must not suppose that his acquaintance with fighting stories put him on a par with an actual fighting hero like Tom Tulliver. Philip winced under this allusion to his unfitness for active sports, and he answered almost peevishly :

"I can't bear fishing. I think people look like fools sitting watching a line hour after hour, or else throwing and throwing, and catching nothing."

"Ah, but you wouldn't say they looked like fools when they landed a big pike, I can tell you," said Tom, who had never caught anything that was "big" in his life, but whose imagination was on the stretch with indignant zeal for the honour of sport. Wakem's son, it was plain, had his disagreeable points, and must be kept in due check. Happily for the harmony of this first interview they were now called to dinner, and Philip was not allowed to develop farther his unsound views on the subject of fishing. But Tom said to himself, that was just what he should have expected from a hunchback.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE.

*“The trustiest, loving’st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master had.”*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A KNIGHT of gallant deeds,
And a young page at his side,
From the holy war in Palestine,
Did slow and thoughtful ride,—
As each were a palmer, and told for beads,
The dews of the eventide.

“O young page,” said the knight,
“A noble page art thou !
Thou fearest not to steep in blood
The curls upon thy brow ;
And once in the tent, and twice in the fight,
Didst ward me a mortal blow.”

“O brave knight,” said the page,
“Or ere we hither came,
We talked in tent, we talked in field,
Of the bloody battle-game ;
But here, below this greenwood bough,
I cannot speak the same.

“Our troop is far behind,
The woodland calm is new ;
Our steeds, with slow grass-muffled hoofs,
Tread deep the shadows through :
And, in my mind, some blessing kind
Is dropping with the dew.

“The woodland calm is pure—
I cannot choose but have
A thought, from these, o’ the beechen-trees,
Which in our England, wave ;
And of the little finches fine
Which sang there while in Palestine
The warrior-hilt we drave. •

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE

“Methinks a moment gone,
 I heard my mother pray !
 I heard, Sir Knight, the prayer for me
 Wherein she passed away ;
 And I know the Heavens are leaning down
 To hear what I shall say.”

The page spake calm and high,
 As of no mean degree ;
 Perhaps he felt in Nature's broad
 Full heart, his own was free :
 And the knight looked up to his lifted eye,
 Then answered smilingly :—

“Sir Page, I pray your grace !
 Certes, I meant not so
 To cross your pastoral mood, Sir Page,
 With the crook of the battle-bow ;
 But a knight may speak of a lady's face,
 I trow, in any mood or place,
 If the grasses die or grow.

“And this, I meant to say,—
 My lady's face shall shine
 As ladies' faces use, to greet
 My page from Palestine :
 Or, speak she fair, or prank she gay,
 She is no lady of mine.

“And this, I meant to fear,—
 Her bower may suit thee ill !
 For, sooth, in that same field and tent,
 Thy *talk* was somewhat still ;
 And fitter thy hand for my knightly spear,
 Than thy tongue for my lady's will.”

Slowly and thankfully
 The young page bowed his head :
 His large eyes seemed to muse a smile,
 Until he blushed instead ;

And no lady in her bower, pardiè,
Could blush more sudden red—
“Sir Knight,—thy lady’s bower to me,
Is suited well,” he said.

Beati, beati, mortui !

From the convent on the sea,—
One mile off, or scarce as nigh,
Swells the dirge as clear and high
As if that, over brake and lea,
Bodily the wind did carry
The great altar of Saint Mary.
And the fifty tapers burning o’er it,
And the Lady Abbess dead before it,
And the chanting nuns whom yesterweek
Her voice did charge and bless—
Chanting steady, chanting meek,
Chanting with a solemn breath,

Because that they are thinking less
Upon the dead than upon death !

Beati, beati, mortui !

Now the vision in the sound
Wheelet on the wind around—
Now it sweepeth back, away—
The uplands will not let it stay
To dark the western sun.

Mortui !—away at last,—

Or ere the page’s blush is past !
And the knight heard all, and the page heard none.

“A boon, thou noble knight,
If ever I servèd thee !

Thou art a knight, and I am a page,

Now grant a boon to me—
And tell me sooth, if dark or bright,
If little loved, or loved aright,
Be the face of thy ladye.”

Gloomily looked the knight ;—

“As a son thou hast servèd me.”

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE

And would to none, I had granted boon,
Except to only thee !
For haply then I should love aright,—
For then I should know if dark or bright
Were the face of my ladye.

“ Yet ill it suits my knightly tongue
To grudge that granted boon,
That heavy price, from heart and life,
I paid in silence down :
The hand that claimed it, cleared in fine
My father's fame ! I swear by mine,
That price was nobly won.

“ Earl Walter was a brave old earl,
He was my father's friend ;
And while I rode the lists at court,
And little guessed the end,
My noble father in his shroud,
Against a slanderer lying loud,
He rose up to defend.

“ Oh, calm, below the marble grey
My father's dust was strown !
Oh, meek, above the marble grey,
His image prayed alone !
The slanderer lied—the wretch was brave,—
For, looking up the minster-nave,
He saw my father's knightly glaive
Was changed from steel to stone.

“ Earl Walter's glaive was steel,
With a brave old hand to wear it !
And dashed the lie back in the mouth
Which lied against the godly truth
And against the knightly merit !
The slanderer, 'neath the avenger's heel,
Struck up the dagger in appeal
From stealthy lie to brutal force—
And out upon that traitor's corse,
Was yielded the true spirit !

"I would mine hand had fought that fight,
And justified my father!
I would mine heart had caught that wound,
And slept beside him rather!
I think it were a better thing
Than murdered friend and marriage-ring,
Forced on my life together.

"Wail shook Earl Walter's house—
His true wife shed no tear—
She lay upon her bed as mute
As the earl did on his bier:
Till—'Ride, ride fast,' she said at last,
'And bring the avengèd's son anear!
Ride fast—ride free, as a dart can flee;
For white of blee,* with waiting for me,
Is the corse in the next chambère.'

"I came—I knelt beside her bed—
Her calm was worse than strife—
'My husband, for thy father dear,
Gave freely, when thou wast not here,
His own and eke my life.
A boon! Of that sweet child we make
An orphan for thy father's sake,
Make thou, for ours, a wife.'

"I said, 'My steed neighs in the court;
My bark rocks on the brine;
And the warrior's vow I am under now
To free the pilgrim's shrine:
But fetch the ring, and fetch the priest,
And call that daughter of thine;
And rule she wide, from my castle on Nyde,
While I am in Palestine.'

"In the dark chambère, if the bride was fair,
Ye wis, I could not see;
But the steed thrice neighed, and the priest fast prayed,
And wedded fast were we.

* White in appearance."

Her mother smiled upon her bed,
As at its side we knelt to wed ;
And the bride rose from her knee,
And kissed the smile of her mother dead,
Or ever she kissed me.

"My page, my page, what grieves thee so,
That the tears run down thy face?"—
"Alas, alas ! mine own sister
Was in thy lady's case !
But *she* laid down the silks she wore
And followed him she wed before,
Disguised as his true servitor,
To the very battle-place."

And wept the page, but laughed the knight,—
A careless laugh, laughed he :
"Well done it were for thy sister,
But not for my ladye !
My love, so please you, shall requite
No woman, whether dark or bright,
Unwomaned if she be."

The page stopped weeping and smiled cold—
"Your wisdom may declare
That womanhood is proved the best
By golden brooch and glossy vest
The mincing ladies wear :
Yet is it proved, and was of old,
Anear as well—I dare to hold—
By truth, or by despair."

He smiled no more—he wept no more,—
But passionate he spake,—
"Oh, womanly, she prayed in tent,
When none beside did wake !
Oh, womanly she paled in fight,
For one beloved's sake !—
And her little hand defiled with blood,
Her tender years of womanhood,
Most woman-pure, did make !"

"Well done it were for thy sister—
Thou tellest well her tale!
But for my lady, she shall pray
I' the kirk of Nydesdale—
Not dread for me, but love for me,
Shall make my lady pale!
No casque shall hide her woman's tear—
It shall have room to trickle clear
Behind her woman's veil."

"But what if she mistook thy mind,
And followed thee to strife;
Then kneeling, did entreat thy love,
As Paynims ask for life?"
"I would forgive, and evermore
Would love her as my servitor,
But little as my wife.

"Look up—there is a small bright cloud
Alone amid the skies!
So high, so pure, and so apart,
A woman's honour lies."
The page looked up—the cloud was sheen—
A sadder cloud did rush, I ween,
Betwixt it and his eyes:

Then dimly dropped his eyes away
From welkin unto hill—
Ha! who rides there?—the page is 'ware,
Though the cry at his heart is still!
And the page seeth all, and the knight seeth none.
Though banner and spear do fleck the sun,
And the Saracens ride at will.

He speaketh calm, he speaketh low,—
"Ride fast, my master, ride,
Or ere within the broadening dark
The narrow shadows hide!"
"Yea, fast, my page; I will do so;
And keep thou at my side."

"Now nay, now nay, ride on thy way,
Thy faithful page precede ;
For I must loose on saddle-bow
My battle-casque, that galls, I trow,
The shoulder of my steed ;
And I must pray, as I did vow,
For one in bitter need.

"Ere night I shall be near to thee,—
Now ride, my master, ride !
Ere night, as parted spirits cleave
To mortals too beloved to leave,
I shall be at thy side."
The knight smiled free at the fantasy,
And down the dell did ride.

Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
No smile the word had won !
Had the knight looked up to the page's face,
I ween he had never gone !
Had the knight looked back to the page's geste,*
I ween he had turned anon !
For dread was the woe in the face so young ;
And wild was the silent geste that flung
Casque, sword to earth—as the boy down-sprung
And stood—alone, alone.

He clenched his hands, as if to hold
His soul's great agony—
"Have I renounced my womanhood,
For wifehood unto *thee* ?
And is this the last, last look of thine,
That ever I shall see ?

"Yet God thee save, and may'st thou have
A lady to thy mind,
More woman-proud, and half as true
As one thou leav'st behind !
And God me take with HIM to dwell—
For HIM I cannot love too well,
As I have loved my kind."

* Movement, gesture.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE PAGE

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She looketh up, in earth's despair,
The hopeful heavens to seek !
That little cloud still floateth there,
Whereof her loved did speak.
How bright the little cloud appears !
Her eyelids fall upon the tears,—
And the tears, down either cheek.

The tramp of hoof, the flash of steel—
The Paynims round her coming !
The sound and sight have made her calm,—
False page, but truthful woman !
She stands amid them all unmoved :
The heart, once broken by the loved,
Is strong to meet the foeman.

"Ho, Christian page ! art keeping sheep,
From pouring wine-cups resting ?"
"I keep my master's noble name,
For warring, not for feasting :
And if that here Sir Hubert were,
My master brave, my master dear,
Ye would not stay to question."

"Where is thy master, scornful page,
That we may slay or bind him ?"—
"Now search the lea, and search the wood,
And see if ye can find him !
Nathless, as hath been often tried,
Your Paynim heroes faster ride
Before him than behind him."

"Give smoother answers, lying page,
Or perish in the lying."—
"I trow that if the warrior brand
Beside my foot, were in my hand,
'Twere better at replying."
They cursed her deep, they smote her low,
They cleft her golden ringlets through :
The Loving is the Dying.

She felt the scimitar gleam down,
And met it from beneath,

With smile more bright in victory
 Than any sword from sheath,—
 Which flashed across her lip serene,
 Most like the spirit-light between
 The darks of life and death.

Ingemisco, ingemisco !

From the convent on the sea,
 Now it sweepeth solemnly !
 As over wood and over lea,
 Bodily the wind did carry
 The great altar of Saint Mary,
 And the fifty tapers paling o'er it,
 And the Lady Abbess stark before it,
 And the weary nuns, with hearts that faintly
 Beat along their voices saintly—

Ingemisco, ingemisco !

Dirge for abbess laid in shroud
 Sweepeth o'er the shroudless dead,
 Page or lady, as we said,
 With the dews upon her head,
 All as sad if not as loud !

Ingemisco, ingemisco !

Is ever a lament begun
 By any mourner under sun,
 Which, ere it endeth, suits but *one* ?

Elizabeth B. Browning (1809-1861).

CRANFORD SOCIETY.

From "Cranford : a Tale," by Elizabeth C. Gaskell.

I IMAGINE that a few of the gentlefolks at Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet ; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and, though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made

them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, everyone took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with house-keeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night, and the whole town was a-bed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"—a sort of sour-grapeism which made us very

peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street in a loud military voice, alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house! The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation at a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty, yet people never spoke about that loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite.

We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material, and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace.

Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the Captain and his daughters only twelve months before, and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before

twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney before the fire was lighted; but, still, Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights and omissions of trivial ceremonies with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel, which he had given in jest, to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter of an hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay, and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by

Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily, set to work, and by-and-by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure, a stiff military throw-back of his head, and a springing step, which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real was more than his apparent age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gaiety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you presently), "that she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples, and not always to be trying to look like a child." It was true there was something child-like in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large, blue, wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know whether she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she

could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner, and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters, that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family when I first saw them all together in Cranford Church. The Captain I had met before—on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church he held his double eyeglass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk—an old man with a piping, feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quivered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances, but he shook hands with none until he had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her Prayer-Book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling, nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card-parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings, and, in our love for gentility and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar"; so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honour, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card-tables, with green-baize tops, were set out by day-

light, just as usual ; it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed in about four. Candles and clean packs of cards were arranged on each table ; the fire was made up ; the neat maid-servant had received her last directions ; and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came.

Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived we sat down to "Preference," I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table, and presently the tea-trays, which I had seen set out in the store-room as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card-table. The china was delicate egg-shell ; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing ; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in, and I could see that, somehow or other, the Captain was a favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room—attended to everyone's wants, lessened the pretty maidservant's labour by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies—and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played cards with grave interest ; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter—for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards, but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She

sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang "Jock of Hazel-dean," a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough, for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece? But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required, "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of anyone in Edinburgh." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays re-appeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of 'The Pickwick Papers'?" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now, Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model?" This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly, and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said with mild dignity:

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book-room."

When I had brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown:

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac in a high-pitched, majestic voice; and when she had ended, she said: "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The Captain screwed his lips up and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give him a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature to publish in numbers."

"How was the *Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters. I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her forte. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this and that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable: "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

From the "Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the Voyage of H.M.S. 'Beagle' round the World," by Charles Darwin (1809-1882).

December 17, 1832.—Having now finished with Patagonia and the Falkland Islands, I will describe our first arrival in Tierra del Fuego. A little after noon we doubled Cape St. Diego, and entered the famous Strait of Le Maire. We kept close to the Fuegian shore, but the outline of the rugged, inhospitable Statenland was visible amidst the clouds. In the afternoon we anchored in the Bay of Good Success.

While entering we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegians, partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea ; and, as we passed by, they sprang up, and, waving their tattered cloaks, sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry.

The harbour consists of a fine piece of water half surrounded by low rounded mountains of clay-slate, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense, gloomy forest. A single glance at the landscape was sufficient to show me how widely different it was from anything I had ever beheld. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

In the morning the captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity.

It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man ; it is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family ; the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away. These Fuegians are a very different race from the stunted, miserable wretches farther westward, and they seem closely allied to the famous Patagonians of the Strait of Magellan. Their only garment consists of a

mantle made of guanaco skin, with the wool outside; this they wear just thrown over their shoulders, leaving their persons as often exposed as covered. Their skin is of a dirty coppery-red colour.

The old man had a fillet of white feathers round his head, which partly confined his black, coarse, and entangled hair. • His face was crossed by two broad transverse bars: one, painted with bright red, reached from ear to ear, and included the upper lip; the other, white like chalk, extended above and parallel to the first, so that even his eyelids were thus coloured. The other two men were ornamented by streaks of black powder, made of charcoal. The party altogether closely resembled the devils which come on the stage in plays like "Der Freischutz."

Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenance distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts and making a chuckling kind of noise, as people do when feeding chickens. I walked with the old man, and the demonstration of friendship was repeated several times; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which, being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

They are excellent mimics; as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with

perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American-Indian through a sentence of more than three words? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres; the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he may be recognised. How can this faculty be explained? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilized?

When a song was struck up by our party, I thought the Fuegians would have fallen down with astonishment. With equal surprise they viewed our dancing; but one of the young men, when asked, had no objection to a little waltzing. Little accustomed to Europeans, as they appeared to be, yet they knew and dreaded our firearms; nothing would tempt them to take a gun in their hands. They begged for knives, calling them by the Spanish word *cuchilla*. They explained also what they wanted by acting as if they had a piece of blubber in their mouth, and then pretending to cut instead of tear it.

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